GWELYGORDD;

OR,

THE CHILD OF SIN.

A Tale of Welsh Origin.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE INFERNAL QUIXOTE, ABYSSINIAN REFORMER, CASTLE OF ST. DONATS, &c. &c.

Pride is the serpent's egg, laid in the hearts of all, but only hatched by fools and wicked men. JOHNSON, *Author of Hurlothumbo.*

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GWELYGORDD.

CHAPTER I.

IT is proper that I should now notice a nobleman of high rank and attainments, who had been for two years an admirer of Miss Chamont, though not a professed admirer, or a regular visitor at lady Apreuth's. Lord Delhoran was, three winters past, introduced at a private and very fashionable party to her ladyship and her young friend; having a short acquaintance also with general Maurice, which commenced immediately after the general's return from India, who brought let-

ters to lord Delhoran, from a gallant young officer, his lordship's heir-at-law. Since this introduction he had occasionally called at lady Apreuth's; and, first of all, by the general's desire, who was anxious to offer his lordship civilities for his young friend's sake. Lord Delhoran was sometimes invited with a large party; but merely as a distant and fashionable acquaintance was lord Delhoran considered by the family. His lordship had been married in early life to a woman of very large fortune, a Roman Catholic, and of the same faith his lordship *had been*. They had resided abroad. They had separated. It had been generally understood that she had retired into a nunnery, where she died.

Lord Delhoran had been about eight years known in the London world. His company was very select, and he was in no point a character of any notoriety. Thus, being a man of the highest fashion, and of the old school, whenever he mingled with the world, his person, dress,

manners, and language, were so superior to the modern fashionables, by whatever name of coxcombs, beaux, fops, or dandies, they may be called, that, in comparison of any of these, he certainly appeared a superior being. It was no wonder, then, that every sensible woman, young or old, like Miss Chamont, had a more ready ear for his lordship than any of the wretched characters of *ton*, with their *ennui*, shrugs, slang, conceit, frivolity, or any of the varieties of wearisomeness, and disgust, and ignorance, with which rational ladies and gentlemen, who go into public, are annoyed. Therefore, at a concert or a play, lord Delhoran was often a very welcome companion, because he possessed information and knowledge, while few of the dandy-breed could ever get beyond a certain set of modern hackneyed names and phrases.

His lordship had long heard, with pleasure, from his flatterers, that he was a great favourite with the beautiful Miss Chamont.

Smitten with her person, he had received the civilities of general Maurice, with high professions of esteem and desire of acquaintance, and had requested, sually, to be introduced to lady Apreuth. Quite in raptures with Lucy Chamont's sense and accomplishments, he had for two years been an interested spectator and auditor of every thing that came to his knowledge concerning her, and had been unceasingly plotting to make himself agreeable and useful, and thus necessary to her happiness; and that he might masque his battery, he professed great pleasure in the society of general Maurice.

He could, at this period, boast more than any other lover of Miss Chamont—he was favoured with her correspondence. It had first commenced with trifling presents of choice flowers, and sometimes fruits, which his letters expressed had been received from his country-seat; and botanical remarks, and other scientifical intelligence, ostensibly introduced them.

Till this season, the idea of a lover in

his lordship had not entered the fair maiden's imagination, and the supposition was most gradually introduced.

Lord Delhoran availed himself of a compliment which Lucy had made upon some of his learned remarks to reply—"I consider this as the first personal favour I have received, and I shall treasure it as the pearl of great price, which the merchant having discovered, sold all that he had, and purchased it."

The scriptural allusions were not uncommon with his lordship. Whatever reports might have reached the ladies, of lord Delhoran's excesses in fashionable immorality in early youth, seemed to have been at once crushed by the whole of his moral conduct, and virtuous and religious discourse. His lordship lived at Bath, as a single man, in very handsome lodgings. The gentlemen, who alone visited him, were of the first rank and character. His lordship, most Sundays, attended at the Octagon, and occasionally received the sacrament—a proof that he

now conscientiously conformed to the established faith.

Such was lord Delhoran, as he appeared to the respectable inhabitants of Bath; nor was it possible that his distant acquaintance, like lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont, should listen to, or give any credit to vague stories of intrigue, even if such stories reached their ears; nor could any one but the parties themselves know, so vigilant was the prudence of lord Delhoran, that a widow lady, in a small retired house of her own, was an old mistress of his lordship, and that any seeming visitors of the lady were credulous females of the same character.

The following concise conversation of his lordship with this widow lady will best shew his feelings and hopes:—

Mrs. Harling —Does your lordship expect soon to take a trip to the Continent?

" It depends on many circumstances, Mrs. Harling. Every thing is against me, and every body watching me. I

cannot get a friend in the garrison. After all, I fear it must be a business of parade and ceremony. Indeed, if it must be so, the greater the ceremony and parade, the better—a special licence—a lord bishop to unite us—a public breakfast, or a *fête champêtre.* I want this Welsh family to encourage the suit of some rival: let them advocate the cause of some modern fashionable, with his whiskers and crop-head, his half-a-dozen starched neckcloths and false collar, his tight stays and narrow waist. Let them, I say, encourage this modern ourang-outang of a man."

"And your lordship," concluded the accommodating widow, "carries off the lady *on your own terms* before the end of the week?"

"Even as you say, Mrs. Harling," said his lordship, "I verily trust and believe."

There was something very pleasing and imposing in every thing that appeared of his lordship's establishment—his carriage, horses, servants; and one day, when Miss Lucy and others had made very favour-

able mention of the same, his lordship took the earliest opportunity of describing what he wanted to complete the establishment, sketched in the most artful and elegant language, in which it clearly appeared, that a companion for life, in manners, habits, sentiments, and person, most like Miss Chamont herself, was alone wanting to take the command of the whole.

Our young heroine's eyes were opened; but it was now in vain that she ceased to answer his notes, that she avoided his company. He urged forward more immediately to the point; and at length so earnestly addressed her, like a man who felt himself ultimately sure of success, that Miss Chamont found it would be impossible again to reduce his lordship to the standard of a common acquaintance.

A circumstance at this time hastened lord Delhoran's conduct. He had called one morning at lady Apreuth's, and was sitting with the ladies, when Mr. Thomson was announced. The gentlemen had

never met. At the coffee-house, library, or a very few and small private parties, was Mr. Thomson to be seen. Lord Delhoran at any of these was never visible. Mr. Thomson walked the streets; lord Delhoran rarely.

Lord Delhoran rose to depart as Mr. Thomson entered. They looked, they paused an instant; they passed without the least recognition. Lord Delhoran politely bowed as to a stranger, and entered his carriage, as pale as death on his white horse.

Mr. Thomson's colour rushed over his whole countenance, and he almost threw himself into a chair for breath, which agitation had deprived him of.

The moment he recovered himself, he said — "My dear Miss Lucy, permit me to speak one word alone to lady Apreuth; it is concerning lord Delhoran. You still retain my heart," continued the old man, as Miss Chamont left the room, "though I cannot tell you all my secrets." There

turning to her ladyship—"One word, my lady—BEWARE of lord Delhoran! I have seen more than seventy-five years—that blooming lord is sixty-and-five."

"Is it possible?" said her ladyship, who, in her fifty-eighth year, proved that a virtuous life, and serene temper, perpetuate youth.

"Yes," said the plain old man, "if your ladyship, without art or disguise, appear as now I see you, what cannot all the skill of dress, and care, and cosmetics, achieve? what impenetrable disguise cannot hypocrisy throw over the human mind? But, my lady, this is my secret—*that I know lord Delhoran;* for he does not, he cannot, he never will, know me: if fancy has struck his mind, it is a spectre that he has seen. Reason and reflection will soon set him right, and, even if his mind indulges in any idle fancy, he dare not express it. BEWARE of him, my lady! If you please, I will now ring the bell, and call to us again your most amiable foster-daughter."

It was immediately after this meeting with Mr. Thomson, of whom lord Delhoran was never known to speak, that his lordship wrote to Miss Chamont a most insinuating and plausible letter.

To this she replied—"I hope I misunderstand your lordship; but your professions are in every way unpleasant to me, and which I positively decline. I must also give up all acquaintance with your lordship. Looking upon you as an accomplished gentleman, and a conscientious Christian, believing that your wisdom had increased with your years, I felt pleasure in receiving information from you; but I find I have been deceived."

Still his lordship urged his suit. It may be asked what was the object he aimed at? The possession of the lady by marriage—by a private marriage, if possible; if not, by a hasty public one. Then away would the lady have been, probably for ever, removed from her friends, and carried abroad; for marriage was a mere cloak, yet never used without necessity;

for his first wife was still alive, and there were, besides, one or more credulous fair ones, who had already matrimonial claims on his lordship.

These things were not known to Miss Chamont; but his too guarded and artful letter betrayed the baseness of his mind, and she laconically replied, that her indifference was turned to contempt.

Miss Chamont's passions of anger and dislike were now roused, and she could not be satisfied with a silent dismissal, after all the fine letters that he had addressed, and was still addressing to her.

But my lord Delhoran also felt indignation; and, as if the lady had ever given him hope, he desired that she would return his letters, as he was willing to resign hers.

To this again she replied—"Your lordship asks for your letters. The very question shews, that however inconsequential they are, you wish to make them appear of note. What, by accident, I have not destroyed, I shall now make a point of

keeping and exposing, to prove how trifling, how contemptible, and I fear something worse, your lordship is. As for *my* letters to you, I here give you my hand and seal, with full permission to make them as public as you please. I hope I write to no one any thing I am ashamed should be known. I am sure I have written to you nothing that I can wish to conceal, even if it were possible that you were to sink lower in my estimation than at present. It has taken you two years to build up the little fame that you possessed in my mind. If your lordship will but publish my letters, with comments on the parts whence you drew your presumption, I think your lordship will do a service to other females who now behold you with indifference, and put them on their guard. As a prudent young lady, I ought not to reply to you; but, as I dissent from your lordship's opinion, that our correspondence should be secretly suppressed, I send you this, as a worthy conclusion, to make the whole complete;

and, if your lordship should be in want of copies of your very elegant notes (and in manner, though not matter, I really think them not unworthy of notice), I will, tho' I decline parting with the originals, get my lady Apreuth's maid to copy them for you; probably she may already know them, for they have, till I found the value that you affixed to them, lain exposed on my writing-table, and her ladyship has generally seen them at the time you honoured me with them."

There was indeed no need to tell lady Apreuth the tale; she had seen all his notes, and been minutely informed of the latter part of his conduct, as it occurred.

It was not, certainly, by the direct advice of her ladyship, that Miss Lucy had so spiritedly resented his overtures; but that young lady was accustomed to think and to act for herself, though her thoughts and actions, in things of any moment, had never been in opposition to those of her dear patroness; and at any time, had lady Apreuth said—" I wish you not, Lucy,

to write any thing to lord Delhoran," that wish had been immediately obeyed; but when her friend remarked—"I think you had as well not write"—"I think otherwise, my dear lady, and you must command me to the contrary, if you are desirous that I shall not give this vent to my offended feelings."

But let us conclude with this Irish earl. His anger was equal to the young lady's indignity, but he had no legitimate means of giving it vent. Again he wrote, and accused the coy maiden of inconsistency, misinterpretation, capriciousness, vanity, and half the catalogue of female passions, and then tore his letters to pieces, till having composed very elegant satires, from 10 P. M. to 4 A. M. he at length took Wisdom into his counsel, if ever she was there; at least, he acted by one of those substitutes which his lordship held in lieu of the virtues, and, availing himself of a letter by the morrow's post, ordered his carriage, with four post-horses, directly to town, coolly telling the people of the house

that he should return in a few days, and mentally resolving not to stay in England another week. The elegant establishment of the widow lady was broken up at the same time, and has never since made its appearance at Bath.

I have related the origin, progress, and event of lord Delhoran's passion, episodically. His lordship never recovered the spirited rebuke that he received from Lucy Chamont; and a man, who, in rank, fashion, fortune, and accomplishments, rivalled the celebrated lord Chesterfield—who, in successful gallantry, or rather, in his snares to entrap the weakness and vanity of the fair sex, had proved a very Lovelace—who, in his conduct to more than one wife, had ever shewn a total want of a single generous or affectionate feeling or principle—whose life of hypocrisy, it might have been supposed, had extinguished every mental sensation, was baffled by a beautiful girl, with the simple weapons of native innocence and mother's wit, driven from his country in the de-

cline of life, and, as his lordship did not live many months afterwards, it has been confidently asserted, died broken-hearted in a foreign land.

The honourable and reverend doctor Sidney Wardine is the authority for the last report. He was with lady Gertrude at Rome, where lord Delhoran had flown, and, being a relative, by his wife, frequently called on him during his concluding illness, and clearly ascertained, that one of the last acts of lord Delhoran's life, was tearing to pieces and burning the notes that he had received from Miss Chamont, and the copies of some of his own.—" I give my honour, sir," said he to Mr. Bereton, after his return to England, which was some months from the present progress of this history, " it is a fact, and lord Delhoran's valet has since confirmed to me the continual restlessness that his lordship evinced for this most impenetrable of her sex when at Bath.— ' My lord never had a moment's peace

afterwards,' said he; 'and he absolutely forbad me ever to use her name.'

"So you see, Bereton, that I was not singular in my opinion of this innate Billingsgate."

"Doctor Wardine, what do you mean?"

"As *her* friend, I beg your pardon," continued the doctor—"*Termagant*, I must say. Conceive *me*, sir, *undoctored* and *undeaned*, with this *fair lady* at my parsonage."

"Knowing Miss Chamont, I cannot conceive it," said Mr. Bereton; "nor do I exactly comprehend what to think about her killing lord Delhoran. Your heart, my dear friend, I am sure, is not so hard as his, and yet you survived, and was married within twelve months afterwards."

"Mr. Bereton," said the doctor, very gravely, "may I beg you never to allude to that era of my folly, that season of madness, that period of mental imbecility, and of incomprehensible infatuation."

"Your own remark upon the lady, as-

sociated with the doctorship, deanery, and parsonage, introduced the subject; but I must defend you in the act, if I can't in the consequences, from all infatuation and imbecility."

"Well," replied the doctor, with a suppressed sigh, "peace be with her! I only wish her as well married as myself."

Mr. Bereton could scarcely restrain a negative exclamation.

"I met her the other day, riding with some other ladies, and the old general, and Glynne, and, upon my word, I thought I saw the very figure of Camilla, that Virgil has drawn with such a masterly hand. Now, Bereton, I'll grant you the grace divine and heavenly beauty, the ethereal spirit and the celestial mind, if you'll allow the Amazon and virago, the dedicated maid and predestined virginity; that is, if you'll allow that the fates have decreed Lucy Chamont to be an assured old maid."

"I'm satisfied," said Mr. Bereton, "whether her picture be *conscientiously* drawn

by friend or foe, which you grant, is; what you require to be granted, remains in the womb of time. Good-morning to you! Present my compliments to lady Gertrude, and accept my good wishes for your gaining a bishopric."

The gentlemen parted. The latter part, the good wishes of Mr. Bereton, require some explanation.

The reverend and honourable doctor had lately been bringing himself into notice, in a very reverend and honourable way. At an English nobleman's table, in Paris, he had met with some learned Frenchmen, philosophers—infidels, in the full sense of the word. There was a very large company, and these *savans* were cutting up by the roots all that Christianity holds holy and good.

Doctor Wardine wanted not for modern or ancient scholarship, and said—"Gentlemen, you know I am a Christian priest; but perhaps you'll be astonished to hear that I actually believe what I profess. Now, I have no objection to argue

a few points with you; but, for you to speak English, or me French, would be unfair; therefore, if you have no objection, I'll take you either in Latin or Italian."

The challenge was of course accepted, and it was, rather strangely, agreed, that the learned Frenchmen and Englishman should each speak their own language, the edification of the company being the reason alleged for not conversing in a different tongue.

In this conference doctor Wardine so well acquitted himself, that the French *savans*, instead of being the assailants, became the defendants. He asked what they did believe, as to God, and the world, and futurity, as to the heavenly bodies, and the changes of this globe, and its present state, until he clearly proved that their belief was ignorance, whatever their unbelief might be. He exposed their conceit, he ridiculed their studies, and held them up to shame.

Count Guilfill was present, and so astonished at the learned remarks and apt

references of doctor Wardine, whom he had before considered as a very trifling character, that he afterwards addressed him—"I am highly obliged to you, doctor Wardine, for having opened mine eyes. I believe there is nothing unknown more credible than the faith you profess. You have introduced a renovation of ideas into my mind; and if you will point out to me a few concise works upon the subject, I shall esteem it an additional favour."

Count Guilfill from this day made an open, though general profession of the Christian faith, and he himself favoured Mr. Bereton, first of all, with the foregoing account, which was afterwards corroborated to him in some of the first circles in town.

There are always hopes of a man of sense—always a prospect of amendment, when a man's pride will listen to his faults; and a change is always taking place for the better, when a man can distinguish his friends from his foes.

CHAPTER II.



Mr. Glynne was married to the lovely Caroline de Morsone in the beginning of the following week, and the young couple, with her father and general Maurice, departed for Wales.

At the end of the same week, lady Apreuth and Miss Chamont, and Miss Ffloyd, who had long before received an invitation from sir David, set off to the baronet's seat in the neighbourhood. Miss Ffloyd was thus enabled to take a personal view of the improvement and alterations which sir David had executed, and, by her consent, was still carrying into execution, in altering a road across a part of Miss Ffloyd's land, and in building a bridge for the mutual accommodations of Miss Ffloyd's tenants and himself.

Mr. William Remley, who had mar-

ried Miss Ffloyd's niece, and his wife, were at the same time invited, and so was Mr. Gwyllwes, being the nearest relatives of Miss Ffloyd, to have their approbation. The latter gentleman was unable to meet the party, from other engagements, but his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Remley, arrived there the day before lady Apreuth. Another inmate of the family was doctor Bufton, a distant relation of sir David, whose character it may not be amiss presently to give a sketch of, and who, being now in the vale of years, a bachelor, and in very moderate circumstances, the baronet had generously induced to make Ford Castle his home.

There was more than one trait of character in which the Athelings and Apreuths united, but particularly were they conspicuous among friends, relations, and dependants, and indeed the whole neighbourhood round them, for *generosity*.

Sir David's board was not indeed ever sumptuous, but it was plentiful. His charities were never ostentatious, but

general: for any good cause, sir David had an open hand; a doubtful one was regularly examined: common beggars, which very rarely were seen, were carefully delivered over to the care of the overseers, and industry and competence enlivened the whole country around.

About a month before the present period, the second Morrison, Charles, had departed from this world; his curiosities were left equally between his brothers, requesting that all triplicates in their possession might be given to sir David, to whom, with high expressions of esteem, he left a third of his monies.

The other brothers, so far from feeling any displeasure at the bequest, declared their satisfaction; and the baronet, at a very needful time, received an accession of income of two or three thousand a-year.

The arrangement of every thing was left to the messieurs Morrison; and lately, twenty packets of books, pictures, coins, medals, and curiosities of all kinds, had ar-

rived; and Miss Glynne came every fine morning to the castle, to assist sir David's lady, Miss Chamont, and doctor Bufton, in a proper arrangement of the same.

This was a time of harvest to the doctor; but it cannot be said that he expedited the work of arrangement; for one while he occupied their attention by a dissertation upon some curious subject—again he took down from its just-selected place a certain book; then came references to some others—away went the doctor to compare it with a favourite author of his own; till, instead of dissipating, he had created a mass of confusion of his own, or, as Miss Chamont called it, a *literary litter*.

But literature with the doctor was a mere temporary hobby; he mounted it for want of a better. He was a schemer and inventor, upon a very extensive scale. You might find him among the anxious promoters of charity, running wild after his object. At one time he instituted a society to enrich certain poor widows, by the waxed seals of letters. The doctor

called upon every acquaintance that he had in London or Bath, and five miles round, and he wrote plans and proposals to the rest, earnestly enjoining them to be very careful of the sealing-wax attached to their letters, and to transmit it to their charity friend; and then occasionally information was given of the quantity of wax by these means accumulated, and the pecuniary benefit derived by the poor widows.

It is scarcely necessary to notice, that half the care and attention, not to speak of the loss of time, might have instituted a reasonable and permanent scheme; and that the very many small sums paid and repaid in the postages of letters and parcels, &c. exceeded the profits; and, spite of the doctrine, that every saving was an actual gain, the concern was soon bankrupted.

Some time after, the doctor was most earnest that every bit of paper should be saved, with the veneration of a bigoted

Mussulman; all useless old writings were to be preserved, the whole materials ground down, and worked up anew. It is rather wonderful, in this scheme, that doctor Bufton had not thought of the ink, so that paper and ink might have been renewed together; for, as the extraction of ink would have renewed the paper, the very ink itself would have been regained, by only separating the extractor from it.

At length it was discovered that the acid employed was not worth the materials, and that rottenness was a very untoward quality by which to form a combination. We have had old women getting a fortune by picking the kennels—well and good—a pin is a pin, and a nail a nail, and a bone a bone; but who ever heard that there was any preparatory measure used—any need of advertising, combining, &c. any capital to be raised and expended, whose per centage must be, first of all, recovered.

But doctor Bufton, like the philosophers in Lagado, persevered. He, as many

others did, changed putrid flesh into spermaceti; but the expence was greater than the gain, and his employers gave up the affair. Upon this subject, his friends, as well as himself, were very sanguine; and Mr. Arthur, sir David, and even lady Apreuth, produced specimens of the spermaceti-like substance to their visitors. After this he travelled about, analysing peculiar waters in various places; and new Bath, Harrowgate, Cheltenham, &c. &c. &c. waters, were discovered in every part of the kingdom.

All these failed, but not till speculation, without calculation from facts, had built pump-rooms, lodging-houses, and baths; and this was the chief cause of the failures —the patients could not easily swallow enough to make an effective dose. It was said that a Bristol alderman, instead of going to Bath, endeavouring to bring a rival place into vogue, swallowed enough to produce a dropsical complaint, in lieu of an intended fit of the gout: and a certain speculator, to obtain reputation for some

baths, upon which he had risked a considerable sum, attempted to do that by fictitious heat, which ought to be achieved by natural, and strangely disfigured himself by parboiling his skin: this gentleman has not yet recovered a violent cold that he caught.

Again, doctor Bufton invented ESCAPES in the stable, to release a horse from the danger of an entangled halter; these were presented to the world by a subscription. Mr. Glynne, as a friend, subscribed for six; but hearing of an accident that occurred in sir David's stables, he contrived to have his own so firmly adjusted, that they would not act; for it was a lucky escape to a horse, if he neither broke his head, nor knocked out an eye or tooth.

Doctor Bufton also prevailed on a parish in Wiltshire to take the old lead off their church, and supply its place with new copper; and the consequence is, that the plumber has an annuity for keeping the copper water-proof, though the rain has, as yet, defied his exertions. This was

indeed verifying the Arabian tale, exchanging old lamps for new ones.

The doctor is for doing more with the present means than any one else can; and yet his favourite and first measure is to raise a subscription. His own simplicity, for he is no wilful impostor, may be accounted for; but the credulity of others is as unaccountable as it is astonishing. He has some experiments always going on; one is what he calls the imitative organization of bodies, and, as an inventive lapidary, he has partially succeeded.

These ideas had their origin in the doctor's head, from reading in some novel (and he is wonderfully fond of novel-reading) of young ladies taking off correct impressions of seals by bread. With bread, therefore, he succeeded, and with bread he mixed, more or less, every kind of substance that he could acquire, with various success; till one day, at dinner, seeing a very firm pudding, he asked the composition. He was told flour, and eggs, and

sugar, and milk; in short, it was a hard batter-pudding. He begged leave to take a piece into his study, and from this auspicious day he performed wonders, the stamen of which was batter-pudding. With this has he mixed every animal, vegetable, and mineral substance, grinding down the hard ones into a powder, and giving firmness to the softer ones. He, in a little time, imitated every kind of marble, and gained one point, namely, of making his composition withstand the effects of fire; but he found it not so easy a task to get it to resist the insinuating powers of water, though in this point also he was at the present time very sanguine of success.

Again, in the perpetuation of motion, he is always within a little of the mark, namely, like the Grecian philosopher, he only wants that little spot of ground on which he must stand while he moves the earth; in early life he injured his own health by trying experiments to produce greater sa-

nity, and since, as a medical man, he is generally allowed to be a very safe practitioner.

There was a time when he was smitten with craniology; he read Spurzheim and Gall, and went about practising. Then he wrote a treatise to improve the sculls of infants, by pressure in some cases, and giving them room to expand in others. This he read in manuscript to sir David, soon after the baronet was married, who set steadily to work, to convince the doctor of the impracticability of his positions.

In this sir David, by practical reference, completely succeeded; and it is a point now in which doctor Bufton always feels a little shame, that he suffered himself to be seduced by these German, or, too often in the present day, Anglo-German charlatans.

The doctor has also a manuscript of the "History of Ghosts and Witches," in which there are many original stories. He has investigated the particulars of the ap-

parition of sir George Villars, told by Clarendon, and separated the additional from the original matter in Glanville. He seems to be of opinion that a ghost must be prophetic to be credible to any other person than the spectator himself; and he has a great deal of new matter concerning the two spectres seen at different times by that renowned infidel, lord Lyttleton. But as he is only waiting for a favourable opportunity, till the weathercock of fashion has veered to a credibility this way, to publish his work, it will not be fair further at present to notice it.

One point of his character is too remarkable to be omitted; he is, in most companies, very silent, though never attentive; yet, if you put him forward to speak, he is an incessant and indefatigable talker, and regular sentences* then come from his tongue, till he has confused, dumbfounded, and convinced all who have the patience to listen. General Mack, the Austrian rhodomontado, it is said, was so eloquent, that he could argue and prove

enough, at least to silence every other general and statesman in the Imperial dominions; and the eminent Mr. Pitt had such powers, that it is not to be conceived that Cicero or Demosthenes were for a moment to be compared to him; doctor Bufton's oratory was nearly as wonderful, because he had little practice, and seldom exhibited.

But these wonderful powers became fully known and established; at a contested election a speaker upon a particular occasion was very much wanted; the doctor, who was wandering about the town, was applied to.—"I have no idea of the difference between you," said he.

"Oh, speak upon the PURITY OF ELECTION!" said the gentleman who asked him.

The doctor spoke for three hours, till his friend came to his elbow, and told him it was sufficient.

"And in whose favour shall I say all this is?" whispered the doctor.

The friend informed him; upon which

he wound up his discourse in a very personal and particular manner, amid the highest applause.

To the thanks that were offered him by the party he coolly answered—"This is the only time I ever made a regular speech in my life, private or public; and I hope I never shall be asked again; though, to oblige my friend, I would speak twice as long to-morrow."

He was very odd in his behaviour to the fair sex. He had always been partial to the company of Miss Glynne; but, though he greatly admired Miss Chamont, he was very much afraid of her: so ridiculous was his behaviour in this point, that he never would remain in the same room alone with her.

The young lady Apreuth asked him the reason, to which he replied—"I am afraid, my lady, that I should make love to her; and if she was to accept me, you know, my lady, it would be a very foolish thing, for I have no fortune or establishment worth her acceptance."

His reason was conclusive, and he ever did as he pleased; neither did any friend remark that his person, which was very much like that of the renowned doctor Slop, or his years, which were sixty and five, although they might not preclude the offer, would surely preclude the acceptance.

In the company of all the ladies of the Apreuth family, he was quite at home; and he firmly believed, that if general Maurice was not as great a commander as Julius Cæsar, it was only owing to want of inclination, though general Maurice never professed to have seen any other active service than the desultory warfare of the East Indies: and, to sum up his character and history, he regularly went to town once a-year, and as regularly spent every farthing that he possessed; and then, drawing upon sir David for ten pounds, went quietly to sojourn in Wales. It may not be amiss to remark, that he now appeared in an eminent degree to be impressed and pleased with the manners, conversation, and the whole *naïveté* of Miss Ffloyd,

against whom the joke ran, that she would certainly eclipse her favourite Lucy.

Among the many interesting characters which could be now produced, which bud and blossom, and bear perennial fruit, unseen, unknown to what is vulgarly called the world, one, a Welsh matron, a relative of Miss Ffloyd's, must not be omitted. This lady was the daughter and the widow of a clergyman; she had been a very eminent beauty in her youth, and at present in her eightieth year; both in her person and mind, she was an object of most pleasing admiration.

Mrs. Johnes, whose maiden name was Ffloyd, lived in a sequestered and delightful glen, to which there was no carriage approach, and from which she had never departed since the death of her husband, but, in the full exercise of the Christian virtues, patiently awaited for her own summons.

One morning the ladies of the Apreuth family, accompanied Miss Ffloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Remley, to pay a visit to

their relation. They were all very graciously and cheerfully received by a most mild, yet majestic and still upright lady; and though the widow continued to wear her mourning dress, they saw religion, with all its heavenly attributes of peace and content, innocence and cheerfulness.

Mr. Remley and his wife, who had never seen her before, were in raptures.

She made her young cousin a present of some very fine lace—"Which," said the old lady, smiling, "I offered my cousin Ffloyd twenty years ago, the last time that I had the pleasure of seeing her; and she candidly told me, with a compliment to myself, which, though I am fourscore, I shall not repeat, that she begged to decline my offer, because it would only make her an object of more notice and less ap proval than unhappily she was already. Mr. Remley," concluded the old lady, sharply, "you will not say so of your wife."

"Nor of Miss Ffloyd, madam," said Mr. Remley, in his blunt way; "for the

more I have occasion to notice her, the more I like her."

"You are right, cousin," said the old lady; "I am glad you know one another."

During the walk back to Ford Castle, Mr. Remley expressed his pleasure and astonishment from his visit to Mrs. Johnes.—"I shall never read again," said he, "of Anna, the prophetess, the daughter of Phamerl, without thinking of the widow Johnes, of the principality of Wales: but how am I to account, ladies, for her very courtly manners and innate fashionality?"

"Mrs. Johnes," said lady Apreuth, "had a fashionable education, lived with her father in the gay world, was a celebrated beauty, you know, and might have been the mistress of a prince, or the wife of a lord."

"The mistress of a prince!" said Mr. Remley.

"It is a Welsh anecdote," said Miss Ffloyd, "and, as you are a cousin, you shall have the particulars. The late duke

of ——, brother of his majesty, saw her at a public ball, was smitten with her beauty, and danced with her a whole evening. She told her father and mother the particulars. The next morning the duke drove up to Mr. Ffloyd's in his phaeton (in those days a new-fashioned carriage).

"Mr. Ffloyd, a clergyman, immediately said to his footman—'Whomsoever that gentleman asks for, shew him into my room.'

"The duke inquired for Miss Ffloyd, and was much confused, as well as disappointed, when he was introduced to the old parson, who, with great formality, set his highness a chair.

"The duke declining and apologizing, mentioned the pleasures of the last evening, and hoped to have the honour of the young lady's company to take an airing with him.

"Mr. Ffloyd's Welsh blood glowed in his heart, yet, with a studied profusion of bows and compliments, and seeming ignorance, he answered—'I, and my wife, and

my daughter, and my whole family, are under obligations to your royal highness, which we can never repay. We are simple people, your highness, natives of the Welsh mountains, and are here out of our proper sphere. My daughter, I am happy to say, is a very good and notable girl; and her mother being rather lame and infirm, she undertakes the family duties, and she is at the present time, your royal highness, very busy indeed, and cannot have the honour of accepting your gracious offer; but if your royal highness will be pleased to treat my poor old wife with an airing, it will, I dare say, do her a great deal of good, and still add to the very great favours which we have received from your royal highness.'

"The prince felt the reproof, and looked very foolish. He saw, from Mr. Ffloyd's looks, that there was no joke or ignorance in the business; and he very expeditiously bowed himself away, assisted by the judicious bows of the Welsh parson, as fast as possible.

"Miss Bridget Ffloyd had before and afterwards many splendid offers, which she refused, and married her father's curate, the wisest act of her life, I have often heard her say, and one that she never repented."

Mr. Glynne, with so able a coadjutor as Mr. Remley, entered into many gallant sporting scenes; and the clergyman proved himself as famous a shot as fame had declared him to be.

To some remark of this kind from Mr. Glynne, Mr. Remley replied—"Though I have so strangely experienced the jealousy of ignorant lords and mean esquires, I am convinced that all the game that I have ever killed, would not pay for my licences, my powder and shot, the keep of my dogs, and my labour at a crown a-day; and you'll be astonished at the anecdotes that I could tell you, of envy, spite, and apprehension, base plots, subterfuges, and conspiracies, that have been raised against me; but I have dissipated them all with as much ease as the last that has occurred,

while I stopped a few days with a friend in Somersetshire, in my way into Wales."

Mr. Glynne, ever fond of an anecdote, asked for it; and Mr. Remley replied—"This is a story of pride, folly, and ignorance. My friend in Somersetshire is no sportsman. I went out alone, and not knowing the country, I erred in my morning's ramble from the tract that had been pointed out to me; the consequence was, that a coxcomb of a gamekeeper came up, and asked for my licence and name, which I gave him, with my present residence, and in the afternoon I received this letter."

Here let the narrator of this history remark, that he is conscious enough that he loses a great advantage with his *learned* readers, because he writes his dialogues, &c. in common English. The literary illuminati of reviewers, cracked poets, and young ladies and gentlemen of all taste and fashion, he cannot be ignorant, would be far better pleased, if they only understood a part of his language, and were per-

mitted to use their own superior genius in guessing at the rest; for there is a great advantage in guessing—people get their own ideas and sentiments. He must allow that the greater part might have been in the Welsh, Wiltshire, and Somersetshire dialects; and the French (which every body understands, whether written by Montaigne or Rousseau) might have supplied the language of the more fashionable conversations; and they must allow, however prejudiced by the sweet notes of Scotland, that Welsh, Wiltshire, and Somersetshire, have the greatest dialectical advantages; the first is, in all points, one of the most perfect tongues; it unites the stability of antiquity with the fluency of modernism—it alone comprises all the advantages of Greek and French; the two last, particularly in their compression of sentences, and termination of words, would wonderfully delight the scientific investigator of novelty. Indeed, a pure Welsh novel, interspersed with a plentiful effusion of the national tongue, which is by

no means obsolete in the principality, would be, from its Hebrew affinity, a very high treat to the learned; and, if to the really learned, what would it not be to the innumerable tribe of pretenders, from the royal English *savans*, through all the yearly, monthly, weekly, and daily critic hirelings and volunteers, from our most memorable fame-stamping booksellers, through all their employed, down to the very printer's devil, there is no need to expatiate on the celebrity that would follow.

But the present narrator, exclusive of ignorance and trouble, is not disposed to enter largely into this kind of wit or wisdom, or to be over-anxious for that kind of praise and fame; yet he is about to offer to his general readers a specimen of a native's writing (the cause of this digression), which, though not pure Somersetshire, for the writer wasted no time, even in home education; and, though coming from a gentleman who despised all modern learning, yet had the highest notions of

family pedigree and hereditary rights, was penned by a Somersetshire squire, of intuitive sense, and five thousand a-year.

" SURR,

" Mi gamskipr toul I—tha ther mannur waus Iez—an hu daunt ge mee thaw yowzitch* aw a jemmaun tu shout moi pattredgees. Plaze let hu no I be aw won aw tha owl faumelees—an moi sun whent tu Lunnen—an fund hout hour owl cutsharms—an gaut hus a nu mottow witch hu maw zee pon hour cutch—" Honor virtus antiquitas." Sow I'll form—an mak hu pey peneltee—be az ou hu pouch moer.

" Sow naw moer frau

" Ure umbell sarven

" JNO. TROUBADOR.

" Puzcrip—Moi whif an moi sun baint hat oum—saw I cunderzen tu rite hu—thof hu be unlee pasun."

* This word is very deserving the notice of the gentlemen whom I have spoken of; here are thirteen changes (I will not say errors, for these remain to be proved) in the

This was brought to Mr. Remley's friend's house by the gamekeeper, without any direction.

Since the foregoing letter has come to hand, it has been said that this is the same gentleman, who having been taught a certain portion of reading and writing, when a little boy, found many a pleasant year pass over his head before he was called upon to practise; he then signed JNO.; but, by some unaccountable means, being at last asked his Christian name, he applied to the minister of the parish.

"Surr, I've bin alwaw cauld squire, saw daunt naw wither I bee Jams or John; du e luk in the rudgistur, becas owl Dik skowlmustr taut I to rite JNO."

The clergyman informed him that he was christened *John James*; and if he ever should meet with the smallest literary inoculation, he will some day or other sign both.

Oh, if some philosopher should come to

spelling of one word, and not one letter the same as the modern *usage* of spelling it.

his ear and whisper, that he was the veritable namesake of the immortal Rousseau! The very knowledge would renovate the whole system! every idea, sense, and feeling, would be open to the inspiration of that magic name: easy afterwards would be the work of that philosopher. The one would surely imbibe learning, yet even faster than the other could teach: in truth, a more fit subject for the theories of Jean Jacques cannot easily be found than this his namesake, because the practical application of all theories, studies, and changes, though they possibly might not do him any good, positively could do him no harm; yet, in point of common sense, our squire certainly surpasses the Genevan philosopher.

While lady Apreuth and her foster-daughter were at this time in Wales, they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Mr. James Howel and his wife, with their two fine children. This was the first introduction of his wife to his own

relations, and they were all mutually pleased with one another.

We have before seen that soon after his marriage, Mr. Howel converted his wife from keeping a public stall in Billingsgate market, but in other respects the conversion has been made by the fair Sarah; for the fishmongery business was very thriving, and James preferred it to the cabinet-work, for three reasons: he has oftener the pleasure of his wife's company—it is not so sedative a life—and it is a more lucrative concern. He soon also, of his own accord, saw the impropriety of his preaching, though his religious habits are not diminished; and as he has convinced his wife that the third commandment makes part of the moral code, so she has convinced him that it is a wrong method of cultivating Christianity to begin by schism and scepticism; they are therefore most regularly, morning and evening of every Sabbath, to be seen at their parish church. Sir David and family greatly notice them. Mrs. Howel is a wonderful favourite with all

the ladies. Mr. James Howel is already highly respected by the body of fishmongers, and has acted on two occasions as their scribe and orator upon general and important concerns, being already a deputy of his ward.

CHAPTER III.

THE day before lord Atheling's departure, having taken leave of the Apreuths when they went into Wales, he engaged Mr. Bereton alone to a late dinner with him. After dinner the conversation commenced.

"My dear friend, the hour is come, which I believe you prognosticated, that I should tell you that, in spite of my father's principle, and all mine own prejudices, the first wish of my heart is to possess the love of Miss Chamont."

"I am very sorry to hear it, my lord;

I have watched you, and could not see that you had this increased love."

"Bereton, you did not come to Bath till count Guilfill had departed, or I am certain your keen eye must have made the discovery."

"Has the lady any intimation?"

"Oh, assuredly not! In taking my leave of the family this morning, Miss Chamont, I knew, was not at home; and I left my kind compliments without expressing any wish to see, or any intimation to call again; and when, some months ago, lady Apreuth asked my sincere opinion of the count, I appeal to my own conscience if I gave it not too favourably."

"Do not act in this way, my lord, for the lady's sake."

"I cannot, my dear friend, answer for my preserving the due mean, while I am forcing myself, as I go along, to the extreme opposite to my inclination."

"I must say, my lord, I think you have acted very foolishly towards yourself, in playing this moth-like game."

" Myself I regard not, if I act honestly towards the lady, for you cannot blame my want of proper resolution more than I do. Well, it is all past; I shall probably never see her again."

But the idea overpowered his lordship; he arose from his chair, walked a minute or two about the room, and drank an old remedy for the effervescence of the blood, a tumbler of cold water.—" Come, Bereton, I am ready to hear every thing you can say."

" If what I have further to inform you of the disgraceful birth of Miss Chamont should make no deeper impression, what is your intention, my lord?"

" I had then resolved nothing. I had thoughts of telling my father the whole, and indeed, in every case, I must tell him the whole, to account for some inconsistencies in my conduct."

" The earl has remarked to me your great attention to the Apreuth family, and your regular visits at Bath; he has also heard of Miss Chamont."

" Has my father heard of her?"

"Yes, and the impossibility of your falling in love with her has been mentioned."

"I am rejoiced to hear it! I have passed the Rubicon: the very impossibility proves the danger; and though I never, never can hope to address her in that language which my heart yearns to give utterance to, I will convince my father, that to gain her love would be a glorious—a noble attempt. He shall not be twenty-four hours ignorant of this—he shall do her merit justice, and lament with me over my necessary forbearance. Proceed, dear Bereton."

"After the violent fever, which about ten years ago so grievously afflicted the Apreuths, when Lucy Chamont shewed the sincerity of affection, and other excellent traits of the mind and heart, which induced the whole family with one voice to adopt her, lady Apreuth desired me to go with sir David to investigate every particular of her birth. We went together to the Philanthropic, and we copied from the minutes of the society what I have

written out upon this paper for you to-day, after you gave me the intimation of the present conversation: there are also other remarks, which we collected from the sources mentioned. I have, from motives of delicacy, suppressed the names of every one of the parties, lest the paper should fall into improper hands, but you will easily supply all you want to know."

His lordship, with very great agitation, took the paper—"I cannot read this paper, even before you, Bereton; I will keep it till I am quite alone. Have you any thing further to say?"

"That this was the only account that could now be had. We proceeded to Newgate; we there understood that the man, her supposed father, having been apprehended for a petty theft, spoke of a child (his wife being dead) that was left alone in the room where he had lived, which was only three years old, and would be starved, if not provided for. We saw the woman who fetched the poor little girl to the prison, within the liberties of

which she lived about a-year, till the father, having accepted the lowest office of justice there, did himself perpetrate a capital crime, and came to a fatal end. We next found out the wretched spot whence the child was brought to the prison, and inquiring at every lodging and shop in the neighbourhood, we discovered a woman, who declared that she remembered the man, and the woman called his wife too. She gave a shocking account of them, not necessary to repeat; but *the paper investigates every point.* There was no further clue to any thing; there was not, in short, any supposition that required further investigation. This, my dear lord, is all that ever can be known; further investigation now would not produce such clear testimony. Oh! if this were a feigned novel story, how easy would it be to find some mark on the infant—invent some tale of child-stealing—discover some embroidered mantle, curious ring, or wonderful crucifix, and make Lucy Chamont as great almost as she is good! Ay, if a proud man

married her, he might invent all this if he pleased, and who would—who could say him nay? Yet, my lord, I am certain that that most lovely, most deserving woman herself, would not be ennobled by a falsity. I assure you, my lord, that every year when she is in town, she goes to the Philanthropic —says who she is—regularly subscribes to that charity; and, to tell you a secret, if she dies unmarried, has left her fortune to that institution. I have been, more than once, with her there—attended her when she read the account of which I have given you a copy, and while she wiped the tear from her eyes, if ever a prayer from the heart ascended to heaven for the living or the departed, it was then! My lord, you don't know—you have no conception of half her worth; but what am I saying? I am fanning the flame I meant to smother! No; I trust I am crushing it here on earth, to make it all perfect and divine, where earthly subtleties, cares, refinements, and distinctions, have no place."

"Bereton, let me now ask you a question of a circumstance that has often crossed my mind, but something prevented me. One day, walking with you and Miss Chamont, a rude-looking fellow bowed very low to you.—'Do you know him?' said you to the lady.—'What, do you forget my uncle?' was her reply."

Mr. Bereton gave him the account of the man in London, but could not tell any thing more of him.

"Do you think she will ever marry, Bereton?"

"If she were ten years older, my lord, I might doubt it, after the offers she has refused; but I think that there is little doubt, if she lives. Had it been for your sake only, lord Atheling, I wish she had married the count or Sedley; but for her own sake, I do not hope that she will ever marry. I know no one who deserves her; I know no one who will make her half so happy as she now is, in the bosom of a fond and grateful family."

"Your last remark, my dear friend,

alone ought to be decisive. Really, Bereton, I do think that I could live happier than I ever shall be, if I were only to see and converse with her daily, were I assured she would never marry any other."

"Now, my lord, you are romancing. I begin to be pretty confident that your love will not hurt you."

The young lover felt his finest feelings on the rack—"Bereton, Bereton, you cannot conceive what my sensations are. If it were not for my duty to my father, and if Miss Chamont would accept of my offers, I would willingly renounce honour, wealth, and country, and unknowing and unknown, begin my career in America with this ever-dear helpmate."

Though there was little novelty in the paper which Mr. Bereton had given his lordship, yet when he had dismissed his servant, and was alone for the night, he took up the fatal particulars, with that desponding sense a poor, lost suicide may be supposed to feel. He read it with that inanity as if he knew not what he read.

He read it repeatedly—he took it up frequently, and seemed in the act of tearing it to pieces, then carefully folded it up, and deposited it in his pocketbook. He thought—he reflected a long while what he should do with it. At length—"Why preserve it? why keep an additional trace of what can be of no service?"

He then calmly and deliberately tore the paper into small bits, and as carefully consumed them by the candle in the fire-place, as if, by so doing, he could have cancelled away the most fatal forgery against the peace, happiness, honour, and life, of his most beloved friend. He actually felt relieved by the childish, lover-like act; and if there were another thing in the world alike dreaded and hated in mental abhorrence, which yet more willingly and eagerly he would for ever have obliterated from memory, and consigned to an eternal oblivion, it was the rich and glorious, glossed and illuminated vellum pedigree, where, from the body of some Saxon king, ascended the trunk and

branches of the Atheling name, even from the bottom to the very top of his father's library.

The earl of Browover and his family will soon be brought more forward in this my picture of pride; it will not be amiss, then, if I give a fuller description of their state, as it was generally known in the neighbourhood.

The earl was born, and had lived for many years, a lower branch of the very noble race of which he was now the head. His title had been sir Clement Atheling when he married his lady, who brought him a very large fortune; but before she presented him with a son and heir, he succeeded to the title of Browover. The late earl had been a great philosopher, in one of the best worldly acceptations of the term, and his country was indebted to his philosophical researches, his zeal, and his liberality in the cause of useful knowledge. He had been an honorary member of most of the learned bodies in Europe, and he had been more anxious to visit their ca-

pitals than their courts. His politics had indeed partaken too much of the revolutionary cast, while his morals were of a very ancient standard; but, alas! his religion was not yet determined; therefore the social intercourse of domestic habits and society had no temptations to keep him in his own country, and folly, and fashion, and dissipation, insensibly worked their way.

He had been some years abroad in France and Italy, before the account arrived of his death, which took place in Russia, out of doors, in the coldest weather, from a philosophical investigation. The experiment was proving quicksilver to be malleable, for which purpose it must be, first of all, frozen very hard. He was a little man, of slight habit; and whether this was the immediate cause of his death could not be ascertained, as it happened in the interior of the empire, many hundred miles from the metropolis. But the English envoy's account was the authority for his death; and by the command of the

emperor in whose reign it occurred, sir Clement received his few effects at the time he took possession of the title, honours, and estates; for large sums had been disposed of out of the funds, some time before his death.

Now, this part of the family history was often brought forward to lord Atheling, when he was a little boy, by his fond mother, who could not more oblige her husband than by inculcating into her son his consequence in life—" Remember, my dear Frederick, you were born to yet greater honours than your father; you have one generation more on the family pedigree. You came into the world the heir *apparent* of a British peer; your father, though lineally descended, was only heir *presumptive*, and succeeded to the title for want of male issue from the former possessor."

The last time her ladyship had used this argument, Bereton, a youth, a few years older than lord Atheling, and his schoolfellow, was present, and rising up very

gravely, went into the library, and returning with a book, said—"I think, my lady, I can produce a case in point from the Persian history, which will instance the argument that your ladyship has been using, if you will permit me to read it to you.—'After king Darius's death, two of his sons, Artabanes and Xerxes, disputed their right to the royal succession. Artabanes alleged, in his own behalf, that as he was the eldest of all the sons of his father, the right of succeeding devolved upon him, according to the custom and practice of all nations, preferably to all his brothers. But an ingenious Grecian suggested to prince Xerxes the following argument—that Artabanes was indeed the eldest son of *Darius*, but not of the king, while he himself was the eldest son of the *king*—"For my brother," said he, "was born when his father was but a private person—a mere subject, and therefore all he can pretend to, on account of his seniority, was only to inherit his father's private estate; but I, Xerxes, was born when

my father was in full possession of empire, am the first-born of the sovereign, and by my birth have the best right to the crown." The right of succeeding was accordingly determined in favour of prince Xerxes; and it is by a parity of reasoning, my lady, that lord Atheling is naturally gifted with greater honours than his father."

From greater honours the young gentleman began to insinuate a greater right, till lord Browover, who overheard the whole argument, finished the subject—"Why, Bereton, you'll make an excellent lawyer; you have almost proved that I ought in justice to give up the estate and title to my son."

Her ladyship, who rarely could bear to view any subject in a ludicrous light, henceforth, among the numerous seeds of pride which she, with an unsparing hand, was scattering over the mind of her son, forbore making any further use of that superior sample which I have just noticed.

CHAPTER IV.

It was soon after lord Atheling's departure from Bath, that count Guilfill and his lady arrived there. Lady Apreuth and her family were among the first to call upon the young countess. She was about the age of Miss Chamont, and was the only child of Mr. Malvern—a man whose parentage is little known—of eccentric habits, and a remarkable character on the turf, at the more respectable gaming-houses, at the opera, and in the Park, and supposed to be of considerable property.

Mr. Malvern had prevented some honourable, though right honourable I may fairly say, swindlers from fleecing a young incautious nobleman, whose simple father, by the world called a wise man, because he was bold in assertion, and fluent in

oratory, so far from guiding his son into habits of wisdom, would have seen him, without a check, roast his gold repeater, make nine-pins of the most beautiful china jars, give guinea after guinea for a squail at a glass-shop, ride in the *vis-à-vis* of the most noted demirep, and bet and lose to any amount upon a race of maggots, or drops of rain on the window, half a-sleep, or intoxicated.

The marquis had already paid one hundred thousand pounds as debts of honour for his son before he was twenty, and the young nobleman himself felt grateful for the preservation that Mr. Malvern had afforded him from a most formidable combination —formidable indeed, if high rank, talents, and power, can make villany formidable.

The marchioness, his mother, a woman of a *better* understanding than her husband, wished for an opportunity of shewing her sense of the favour, and understanding that Mr. Malvern had one daughter brought up in a very secluded situation, she called on the young lady. The

notice of the marchioness was very acceptable to Mr. Malvern, and very agreeable to the fair Julia, who had been well educated in France.

At this noble mansion count Guilfill saw the young lady, and having no time to waste upon an unreturned passion, or to spare for preparatory sighs and inquiries, addressed her in glowing language, and met with no harsh refusal. Julia referred him at once to her father.

In the plain and concise language of truth, the count spoke to Mr. Malvern.—"Well, sir," said the sire, "what can you and the child know of each other? What have you to live upon? She is but a tender one, not fit for a soldier's wife. She has been rather delicately brought up. I have enough to support her in her present modest way; but as your wife, the wife of a gallant soldier of fortune, I see nothing but disappointment, and perhaps poverty."

"If I had become acquainted with your daughter, sir," said the count, "some years

ago, I would then have told you, that I would support her by my sword, and I should not have spoken rashly or unadvisedly; but I can add now some property of my own, and what you can give her you may bestow in every respect as you please, and my signature shall be at your service in this point, without any reservation. As for our knowledge of each other, what inquiries you please, I beg you will make on *my* part: *her* peaceful life requires from me no investigation, at least I shall not make it. I believe her to be of virtuous principles. You find me on honourable ones. We must therefore, if you approve, take one another for better and worse."

"I don't like to lose my daughter."

"Probably you must soon. Youth, beauty, and sense, have all wings. By your daughter's desire, I wait upon you, sir. I am not come to make a bargain or barter. Wherever we live, I can, and trust I ever shall, see no objection to your living too; the more so, let me add, from

my profession, should I earnestly wish the father or mother of my wife, if it please them, to be upon the spot."

The gentlemen soon understood one another. The young couple, without hearing the name of a lawyer, were married in less than a month.

On the morning of count Guilfill and his lady's departure for Bath, Mr. Malvern called early. — "I shall probably soon see you both again. Julia, I have brought you a necklace, I hope becoming the count's wife; and, my friend, I beg your acceptance of this snuff-box; 'tis the first wedding present I have offered you."

The father departed.

The countess looked at her necklace; it was of small diamonds; and a check for a thousand pounds on his banker accompanied it.

The count opened his box of plain gold; it enclosed another check for a thousand pounds, with this concise note:—

"'Tis hard to wife and thrive in a year,

my dear count; I therefore beg you and Julia to make what use you please of the two thousand pounds, and that you will on this day annually draw upon me, according to the check, for one thousand pounds, which I trust you will ever have with my hearty blessing."

Miss Chamont found the young countess very agreeable, good-natured, and well-educated; but with a mind not at all versed in the intricate manœuvres of the world.

The fair bride was highly gratified by the attention of the Apreuth family; and, though not ignorant of her husband's former attachment, became more and more pleased with the society of Miss Chamont.

About this time, many other traits of the character of lord Atheling came to the notice of our heroine, which gave additional interest to the feelings of her heart, and bestowed on his pride at least a more reputable appearance.

Walking with him and some other company one morning in the fields near Bath, a plain man, in a naval dress, ap-

proached, and, with evident pleasure, exclaimed—"Ah! my lord Atheling!" and at first was rushing forward, as if to shake hands with an old acquaintance; but lord Atheling, appalled at the humble appearance of the man, hung back, with a distant bow, which the other returned with great reverence; but, by this time, the young nobleman had fully recovered himself, and he now walked forward, and shook the plain sailor heartily by the hand. After walking apart with his old acquaintance, they separated.

"A very worthy man," said his lordship, as he joined his party, "who was once master of a vessel in which I sailed."

To a superficial observer here was pride concealing itself under the mask of civility; but it was really pride overcome by principle; for lord Atheling had sailed with this man. The vessel had been attacked by a French privateer. The rough captain and the fashionable lord Atheling had fought side by side, and both distinguished themselves by their bravery. The

man, therefore, felt the highest respect for his gallant passenger, mingled with gratitude; for his lordship had been a voluntary combatant, and, without any doubt, by his own courage and example, had roused the exertions of the other passengers and the crew, and saved the vessel.

His lordship, by his reserved manner of noticing him, shewed that he did not at first recollect him; but the instant he did, the sailor's courage and behaviour gave the first title to his esteem. The conversation apart was to inquire into his circumstances, and, finding that he was out of employment, his noble friend instantly put him in the way of it.

A few days after this meeting, Miss Chamont saw Mr. Hillsley speaking to the same person, and from him she heard the particulars of his lordship's former and subsequent conduct.

There were many characters at Bath whose origin nobody knew, or who had been in low stations, but, by a steady

moral conduct, were to be met with in the best society — such as Mr. Thomson, who was almost every day with general Maurice, and always an acceptable visitor at lady Apreuth's; and there were also many professional men—music, dancing, drawing masters. To all these, *whose characters were respectable by their conduct,* lord Atheling did behave without any *hauteur*, or even seeming condescension. If he met them in the public street, or any public promenade, his notice had none of the timidity of shame, and he had been known to walk a considerable distance with a person who carried a parcel under his arm, to take a turn on the parade with an artist of little eminence, and to purchase a trifling article, and carry it to his lodgings in his own hand. His acquaintance with Mr. Thomson was considerably increased; and the strong remarks of that gentleman against every species of pride never appeared personally applicable to lord Atheling. Yet often were there many indirect allusions to the state of his

feelings for Miss Chamont; and lord Atheling did certainly oftentimes avoid Mr. Thomson, lest he should hear too plain a truth.

"I am astonished," said Mr. Thomson one day, "that any sensible modest woman will remain at the mercy of another man's love."

"What do you mean?" said the general.

"I mean waiting, in hopes of an offer, and perhaps refusing many better ones."

"You don't allude to Lucy?" said general Maurice.

"I can't say I do," replied Mr. Thomson. "She not only knows her own mind too well, but she has got too much sense, and too good principles, to be entangled in this way."

"Yet a man of the highest honour," said lord Atheling, "may be in love, and not be able to make an offer."

"Certainly. I spoke of the folly of the women. As for the men, my lord, I can

only wish that they knew good from evil."

"What is the use of knowledge?" said lord Atheling, "in respect to forbidden fruit?"

"I have lived long enough in the world, and suffered enough," said the old gentleman, "to own no other forbiddance than this—good and evil. But, my lord, I am conscious that I am at present rather talking *at* your lordship—I would rather, if you wanted an adviser, talk *to* you; but you know all I can possibly say; and indeed I am not very fond of so talking, unless I can talk to the purpose, which you will. I wish *you* well, my lord; but there are *others* who have my much warmer wishes."

Mr. Thomson generally spoke with much point and emphasis, but at this time he seemed strongly affected; but recovering himself, with a smile, he politely bowed to general Maurice and lord Atheling, and, offering his hand to the latter, who took it with great feeling, and with that respect which a sensible young man

always pays to honourable age, he left the room.

Lord Atheling was very thoughtful. General Maurice addressed him.—"You are acquainted full well, my lord, with the warm heart of my old friend, and I am sure feel no displeasure at the free delivery of his sentiments."

"From my first acquaintance with this gentleman," remarked lord Atheling, who appeared evidently affected by his manner, "he has taught me to avoid him, if I was afraid to hear odd kinds of truths."

This conversation took place a few weeks before lord Atheling left Bath, to proceed to his father's, where we will soon follow him, first noticing another anecdote of his lordship, which occurred when he, early in life, went to the Continent, and before he had attained the age of twenty-two, but which only, at this period, became known to Miss Chamont.

Sir Thomas and lady Gastere had been this season at Bath. Sir Thomas was a

relative of the Apreuths, and the baronet and his wife visited in the family.

Lady Apreuth remarked to Miss Chamont, how very much the manners of lady Gastere were improved, since she had the last time (some years before) been in her company.—" A free and fashionable, and giddy woman, of an unhappy, though very noble family. I confess, I thought her ladyship would have fallen one of the miserable victims to the sad examples of relative frailty, of fashionable notoriety, and of the want of correct principle. I gave her the best advice in my power. She treated it with self-confidence and indifference; but I have now reason to hope it has been of service to her."

Lady Apreuth soon took an opportunity, when lady Gastere paid a morning visit—for she was now on the most sociable habits of intimacy with the family, and no other person than Miss Chamont was present—to express the pleasure she felt from the great improvement, which she could

not fail noticing, and, as a relation and friend, expressing—"You know, my dear lady, I thought you rather wild, and took the liberty of offering you my advice before you went abroad; and it is but fair to you, that I should acknowledge that I feel that your ladyship has gained an accession in wisdom as well as years. I can easily perceive the increased confidence of sir Thomas, and yours and his increased love, as well as the increased respect in which your ladyship is addressed by the other sex, and therefore by our own."

Lady Gastere shook her head.—"I could tell your ladyship a tale or two, in which you would find little room for my praise."

"I confess candidly to you, lady Gastere," said her friendly relative, "that I have made inquiries since your absence, and with pleasure I add, that I have been assured that your conduct has been such as your manners now exhibit."

"I'm glad to hear, my dear lady, that so favourable an account has reached you.

and probably from a source that might have told you a different tale; but it has been my good fortune to meet with the greatest liberality, and chiefly from my ever dear sir Thomas. I trust that I have seen my errors, and having been convinced of the greater worth of my husband, I hope henceforth to escape the fate of the butterfly, by avoiding the blaze."

"I know not," said lady Apreuth, "a more likely way to well regulate our conduct, than to endeavour to get a knowledge of oneself."

"And first I am indebted to your ladyship, whose kind notice and admonition I shall now never forget; yet you will be surprised to hear, that I am peculiarly indebted to the interference and personal exertions——"

Miss Chamont arose to leave the room.

"Don't leave us, Miss Chamont, unless you have a dislike to hear the praises of lord Atheling, who indeed was very young at the time I am speaking of."

After a few general allusions and ap-

propriate remarks from lady Apreuth, who knew well how to elicit confidence, lady Gastere was induced to tell her story.

"At Nice I met lord Frederick Slangton, who paid me great attention, and with whose style and fashion I was highly interested; so that I was very often in his company, riding, dancing, singing, and flirting. One morning, lord Atheling, with whom neither I nor my husband were acquainted, surprised me, by sending up his card, for, in truth, he had before rather avoided our acquaintance. I received him.

"After apologizing for introducing himself, he said—'I was in company, my lady Gastere, yesterday, for the first time, with lord Frederick Slangton; and I think it my duty to inform you, that he boasted of your favour towards him, and offered to bet upon his final triumph. Strange as your ladyship and the world, if it should be public, may think of my conduct, I was determined to mention

the circumstance to your ladyship. I feel interested, ma'am, for your situation. I have the honour to be intimately acquainted with sir Thomas's relations—the Apreuths, and have no doubt of the purity of your heart, if any thoughtless behaviour may have given him encouragement. I conceive you indeed to be the best guardian of your own honour, and have no intention, for both your sakes, of mentioning the subject to your husband. though I have no doubt of the will or ability of sir Thomas.'

" I omit, lady Apreuth, the delicacy with which he introduced the subject, and the complimentary encouragement of my youth, beauty, and innocence, with which he softened it. In short, my lady, my pride, or my principle, I scarcely venture to say which, roused a proper spirit, and, for once, I acted right. I thanked him from my heart, and would never afterwards speak to lord Frederick; but by bribing my maid, who had listened to the conversation, in a short time he discovered

the cause, and challenged lord Atheling, who gave him the meeting, and before they fired, told the whole circumstance to the seconds, and remarked—'Now, gentlemen, if either of you think lord Frederick is a gentleman, and man of honour, I am willing to stand his fire; but if you think otherwise, I will *not* give him that satisfaction; but, whatever may be your opinion as to that point, I wish lord Frederick Slangton, and every man, to know, that no one shall make me privy to a villany!'

"Upon this, lord Frederick's second took him aside; and at length lord Frederick actually apologized; and every thing was so amicably adjusted, that they have been acquaintance, though very distant, I believe, ever since."

This additional trait of lord Atheling's conduct could not fail to set the whole of his character in a fairer view than family pride had so often warped it. How far it overcame this appalling sense, for, from her earliest youth, no sense had ever been

so appalling to our fair heroine as pride, the history will soon shew.

CHAPTER V.

THE earl of Browover and his son were seated in his library, at his country-seat at Castlerock, where Mr. Gwyllwes was the vicar. The earl, without thought, was fronting the family pedigree; and lord Atheling, with horror at the thought, kept his back so directly in parallel, that not a side-glance would agonize his heart, as he unfolded to his father the rise and progress of his unhappy passion, and his firm determination to sacrifice to that idol, whose portrait was suspended behind him, every idea that the sweets of love the bliss of matrimony, and all the temporal comfort, and the eternal hopes that arise from the reciprocity which pure, virtuous,

and congenial minds could create in his soul.

"We live not for ourselves," he continued, "I well know, my dear father. I trust my disinterested conduct will prove my duty to you, to my country's honours, to the world's established opinion, and to the nominal advantages and entailed rights of glory, whence our successors are to derive additional consequence, and which are decreed for the sake of example, as the incentives to all worth. While I thus devote the tenderest feelings of my heart to appearances of good, I must as resolutely not offend in the humblest reality; therefore, my lord, I resign all thoughts of matrimony; and, since I am forbidden to enter that holy state, where truth, sincerity, and sacred conscience are, let me resist all worldly temptation to enter it where these are not!"

"Acting right in the first case," replied the father, taking up the remark, "you

will find that the impediments on the other side will weaken every hour. That lady, the honourable Arabella Estray, (pointing to the pedigree), the third on the paternal line from whom we are lineally descended, before she was married to my ancestor, was engaged——"

"Oh, sir, enter not into that tale of broken faith and shame! You yourself have ever condemned——"

"Well, well," continued the father, perceiving his error, and interrupting his son in his turn. "My allusion merely arose from the instance before me—an instance, certainly not, in its full detail, to be followed by any who bear the name, or claim the alliance, of an Atheling. Yet, my dear son, I will not despair of living to see the day when, from a far-spreading branch, another name, venerable, renowned, and noble, shall be united to yours, and make the——" (There was a reason, which will soon be given, why the earl paused, and did not name the *number*,

but turned the sentence), "and make a WORTHY addition to the memorial of our honorary pedigree."

It was impossible for lord Atheling, as his father now directly pointed to the pedigree, to keep his seat. Had a spectre, which he knew stood behind his chair, at this moment laid his cold hands upon his shoulders, he could not, with a more instantaneous shuddering of the heart, have shrunk from its contaminating proximity. He was obliged, in self-defence, to turn round. It was an absolute challenge that dared him. Looking, therefore, boldly at his foe, yet with a kind of contempt, he answered to his father's remark, if any thing was the matter?

"Nothing, my lord, but I do not wish to perpetuate that honourable roll of *perhaps* double victims to pride, to perfidy, and to principle. To the demands of the first I now acquiesce."

At that moment, a short conversation of his father's with Mr. Gwyllwes, before

either could sufficiently moderate the pace of his hobby pleasantly to accompany together along the high road of life, crossed his mind; and it is to this that I have just alluded, as lord Atheling added—"But, I fear, my dear father, that the latter will be often violated before our families can equal the honourable boast of the vicar of your parish."

There was a sarcastic meaning in his lordship's speech which the earl could not mistake; and lord Browover perceived at once, not only that argument and illustration had weakened his cause, but that he himself was attacked in his very camp; and therefore, that his wisest proceeding was to be satisfied with the point gained in his son's present conduct, to keep his ground on the defensive, and not to rouse the *pros* and *cons* in this momentous business; for discussion always weakens the worse side.

The circumstance to which lord Atheling alluded was shortly this:—Mr. Gwyll-

wes, having one day carefully noticed the family pedigree, said—"Thirteen regular descents, I see!"

"Yes," replied his lordship, "all clearly attested."

"There is a *legitimate* doubt, my lord," observed Mr. Gwyllwes, "in the reign of the first Charles, an *historical* one in that of the sixth. But, my lord, I am no judge in these cases, though I must protest, according to the authority before me, against proceeding further than William the Conqueror."

"It *has been* allowed," gravely remarked the earl.

"Where?" the parson was about to ask, but, politely checking himself, he said —"Your lordship would be highly pleased with our Welsh pedigrees. In the principality, there is no comparison between that of an ancient Briton, and one of these pseudo-Britons. You know, my lord, that we are the undisputed descendants of the aboriginal Britons. Dr. Stukely,

(I only refer to him as a modern, one of your own writers) plainly gives the national pedigree, from Noah and Abraham, to Phryxus *, who gave name to Britain. Saxons, and Danes, and Normans, and Germans, have inundated your lowlands since we kept ourselves to our mountains. I counted thirty descents in my father's pedigree, which were proved and allowed at the assizes held by * * *, at the court of * * * *, and at * * * * *."

This was beyond all reply to lord Browover; he could only affirmatively bow the head; and, spite of his feelings, there was, no doubt, an additional respect in the act.

Family derivatives were never again brought forward, as an argument, before Mr. Gwyllwes, to any circumstance that occurred in the mansion; and the earl al-

* I give the reader an extract from a large genealogical table. Abraham, Midian, Apher, Africus, Phryxus, or Phrygius. Dr. Stukeley adds—"I could produce the evidences that prove each particular descent, *in a strict heraldical way*, but it would now take up too much of our time." STUKELEY *on Avebury*.

ways sat uneasy, if at any time he saw Mr. Gwyllwes fronting his family pedigree.

When the before-mentioned conversation took place, lord Atheling was reading in the library, but it had not been remarked that he noticed the circumstance till the present discussion with his father.

There is no man, whatever his passions may be, that has so many subjects that he wishes to avoid, as the proud man. A single look upon this point was all that took place between the earl and his next on the genealogical tree, after his son's allusion to the vicar of his parish, when lord Browover wisely veered the course of the conversation..—" Satisfied that your conduct, my dear son, will be right, it is not necessary I should dilate upon a subject that in every point of view is ungracious; for what sacrifice of his passions can any man make to principle and to honour, without feeling pain at the moment, though the remembrance of his vic-

tory over self must be cheering and consoling?"

So ended the converse upon this most interesting affair between the father and son; yet, without one hope, on the part of the latter, of a cheering and consoling remembrance. For the approbation of a man's own heart is not to be purchased by *every* sacrifice. The approbation of a man's own heart will not follow every selfish resignation; the approbation of a man's own heart is only to be obtained when holy duty is obeyed. Let the conscious soul feel that the action will be an acceptable service to its God, and whether the forbearance of a selfish gratification be for the service of its country, its friend, or its foe, it may be assured of the testimony of the heart. But let not an offering at the shrine of pride fancy that it has this glorious feeling; it is but a bribe to the world, and from the world alone let it look for its reward.

Lord Atheling remained month after month at his father's mansion. He en-

tered eagerly into the sports of the field, of which indeed he had always been fond. He went to town for a few days, but it was on purpose to view some famous hunters, which were advertised for sale. He made a purchase of two celebrated ones, and, without calling upon a friend, or even looking in at the Apreuths, who he knew were now in London, or transacting any other business than that which took him from the country, he returned, to the earl's great surprise, immediately.

The country gentlemen, among whom he had been always a favourite, were rejoiced to see him partake of their sports with such avidity; for he had long been a constant subscriber to the hunt, and generally, in the course of the winter, if he was in England, joined them.

Soon, very soon, every one remarked—" How very thin lord Atheling was become!" and some friends said, that he had been too much accustomed to a warmer climate; and others, that he had not been used to so much exercise.

But it was neither of these: by different and frequent change of climate he had been hardened; and the exertion was nothing to lord Atheling, who was yet in the morning of life, and had always delighted in riding gallantly; and who, besides, had rode post-horses, in preference to the ease of a carriage, over the greater part of the Continent. In truth, lord Atheling was become thin — from the worm that preyed on his heart. Long was his father before he would see, and longer was his lordship before he would acknowledge it. At length, one evening, after rather a long chase, his lordship fainted away the moment he entered the dining-room. He himself attributed it to the rich steam of the victuals, after having fasted for a great many hours. He attributed it also to other causes, which, at other times, would have been trifling.

Probably it was owing altogether to the fatigue, the fasting, and the smell; but such fatigue, such fasting, and such odours, would not have had so serious an

effect upon lord Atheling, if he had enjoyed his usual state of health and spirits. There can be no doubt but that the elasticity of the spirit is one of the springs that temperate the regularity of the health, and the suppressed love of Viola might be parodied to his lordship's case—" It fed on his manly cheek."

But his lordship despised these trifling symptoms of debility, and continued his usual exercise. Thus, he rode much, and he read much, but he could not converse much.

The father and son had always been accustomed to take great delight in each other's company and conversation: still lord Atheling, when at home, was generally in his father's company; but conversation, before so buoyant and versatile, now always flagged on both sides. If either went out, it ever had been, and still was, immediately on his return—" Where is the earl?" or, " Where is lord Atheling?" They met and spoke; affection brought them together, but now the sweet

flow of converse died away; for there was a theme, and, though not likely to intrude, it was ever present to memory. Thus, were there a hundred dishes upon a table, and only one of the whole whose cover it was forbidden to raise, yet that one would soon occupy the attention, and, more and more, day by day, excite the wants of the guests.

How could the conversation pleasantly stray to Bath, to the Apreuths, to the intimacy of the Atheling family with the Apreuths, and not lead the fancy in an instant to the forbidden Lucy Chamont? How could the theme turn on the state of the poor, upon British charities, upon the amelioration of the poor-laws, and not conduct the thoughts to the Philanthropic—to that blessed institution which snatched Lucy Chamont from the paths of wretchedness and wickedness? How could the loveliness of youth and beauty, the excellency of virtue, the advantages of prudence, the comforts of social life and domestic ease, and the ineffable dignity

of religion, be the theme, and not enchant the whole mind with the full portrait of Lucy Chamont? Or how could the great world be moralized upon, its supposed advantages, and its known cares and troubles, its follies and its fashions, and its shows, and not present a contrast to its insufficiency and weakness, in the natural and rational accomplishments of Lucy Chamont?

Whatever subject made the attempt to interest, full soon lord Browover saw restraint, with an hectic ray, flash across the countenance of his beloved son: he could have said—"Son, leave me," but he feared yet the more if his son should be absent from him.

CHAPTER VI.

AT this period Lucy Chamont was at Bath, and Mr. and Mrs. Marsham had just arrived at lady Apreuth's in their way to sir David's in Wales; while lady Apreuth and her foster-daughter purposed, in a few days, to go to Mr. Arthur in Devonshire.

The Apreuth family had lately received the agreeable information, that sir James and lady Stolander would return from India in the following year; upon which occasion lord and lady Vescule had promised to leave their beloved residence in Ireland, that a general meeting of this worthy and happy family might again take place.

At the same time, all their letters ran upon the settlement in life of their adopted sister, the little pet of their youthful

days. Lady Stolander talked about a rich nabob, who was to come to England in her train; and lady Vescule begged that she would enter into no hasty engagement, till she had seen Mr. O'Shannon, a cousin of lord Vescule, and a hero worthy of Ireland.

Lord Vescule had, upon his marriage, taken up his constant residence on his principal estate, in a very populous and riotous neighbourhood. He and his beautiful wife had devoted their time to the noblest service of their country, the ameliorating the condition of the poor. For this purpose he instituted day and Sunday schools, Bible societies, and saving-banks; he appropriated land to every cabin; in every parish he lent small sums, which were continued or increased upon the honesty and industry of the borrowers; and every advantage was correctly regulated by the morality, sobriety, and peaceable conduct of the several applicants.

Their labours of love were quickly crown-

ed with success; vice and ingratitude, according to the system, wove its own fate, and the blessings of virtue blossomed over the whole soil. In whatever family they perceived active usefulness to be established, that family was immediately provided with the increased means of independence; and wherever habits of vice seemed to have taken deep root, lord Vescule acted with vigour, yet as a friend; he advised young people to separate, to go into the army and navy; the old people he removed from the habits of temptation to evil; and he invariably found, that when the males had left the scenes of iniquity, the females were always willing to yield to domestic, social, and moral customs.

In peace and quietness, in sobriety and industry, in moral duties and Christian principles, seeing his neighbourhood confirmed, he, with his family, had now resolved for a few months to leave scenes formerly all intemperance, but which their efforts had converted into those of a paradise.

Mrs. Marsham, having read a letter from her sister Vescule, and made her comments upon the same, suddenly changed the subject, as she sat near the window behind the viranda.—"And now I have read and commented upon my letter, I must tell you, my dear mother and Lucy, what a curious trio I saw this morning, as I came by the pump-room. There was a young couple, lovers, or rather, by their innocent freedom, a bride and bridegroom, and a middle-aged gentleman, of that good-natured, wise, and somewhat simple look, which is always so interesting. They paused opposite our august edifice of fashion, and deliberating, like strangers, as if ignorant whether they might enter, I could not help giving them a good-natured nod of my head, and said —'Certainly.' We understood one another; and the whole party favouring me with a very respectful and grateful salute, entered the pump-room."

Mrs. Marsham now described the young

lady as very pretty, with the utmost *naïveté* of person and manners, far superior to that which her most fashionable, honourable, and travelling friends in vain attempted to assume. The young gentleman looked very mild, genteel, and like a foreigner.—" I saw," she remarked, " half a dozen dandies envying his appearance."

The elder gentleman was certainly an Englishman; and Mrs. Marsham decided that he was as certainly a philosopher, but of what sect she could not determine.

" If you were making use of your eyes, niece, instead of your tongue," said general Maurice, who was present, " perhaps you might see the party taking a view of my sister's house."

" Bless me, they are the same!"

" And my old acquaintance," said Miss Lucy; " and, with your permission, my lady, I will ask them into the house."

" Tell me, my dear Lucy," exclaimed Mrs. Marsham, with her usual impetuosity, " this instant who they are?"

"You have heard their history," said Miss Chamont; "and one of the party you ought to know."

"If *you* can't guess, Susan," remarked her husband, who had been attentively observing them, "I believe *I* can prove myself the wiser of the two."

"Oh, don't tell me," exclaimed the fickle lady, "but ask them to come in, and in the meantime let me guess."

The servant was sent to invite them to walk into the house.

"Surely," exclaimed Mrs. Marsham, "that dashing young man is not Stephen Russel."

"So I guess," said her husband, "for I remember the elder as your brother's clerk."

"You are both right," replied Miss Chamont."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsham. "Here are all our fashionables eclipsed by a country youth, who, a few months ago, was living as a pauper, and was considered not many degrees removed

from an idiot; and now we perceive, that if he had but a little less sense, just that deficiency which would give him the extra polish of impudence, there is not one in Bath to compare with him. But I do the young fellow an injury to compare him with these made-up things by tailors and perfumers, grooms and shoemakers."

"If you think these feelings of pauperism produce modesty and humility," said her husband, "I wish some of our great paupers had the feelings. Here is the canon Leog, and half a dozen more I could mention, civil and ecclesiastical paupers and beggars, as much, or more so in their way, as ever Stephen Russel, esq. was—ay, and legitimate, hereditary, sturdy beggars. Tracing their pedigree backwards and forwards, as well as I am able, I find grandfathers, fathers, sons, and grandchildren, incessantly at work, making interest and petitioning, unabashed, and taking no denial, for some charity-school benefit, established on this eleemosynary foundation—we see them getting, by all

the arts of mendicity, another lift to some college-charity. Onward in the same course they proceed, still begging and bowing for livings, prebends, and canonries, or places of all names, under the government at home and abroad, and without end. Why, their children so born, and with such notions incessantly instilled into them, have no more idea of getting forward in the world by common honesty, industry, and talents, than Jews and gypsies, without the aid of their peculiar craft. I lived six months in a cathedral town, and half their conversation was, 'What can he give? or, what can I get?' —'I am promised this or that—first, second, third, or twentieth turn for my son; and if I can't get it for my son, he himself will have very good interest another day.' Their freedom is only the yet-indeterminate will of their patron; and their independence the produce, not only of charity, but of absolute beggary. Then you know my cousin, the secretary to ——;

he gained the office because his father had been one of the government directors of the ——; and the last time that I saw him in town, he told me that he had a place in reversion promised him for his son, now at Eton, and aged twelve years; and if the old Latin word *pauperes* is not applicable to the children of real poverty, I think it comes home to these *needy gentry*, always living upon ancient or modern doles; so that no parish pauperism was ever entailed on a wretched race, more completely than church and state pauperism is on these less-independent, and yet more-craving, families."

"My good nephew!" said general Maurice, astonished, "I never heard such a philippic from your mouth before."

"No philippic, my dear uncle," replied Mr. Marsham; "it is, alas! too general, as it is too true; and when I further see these church and state paupers, searching about for a rich wife, living up to their means, and still carrying on their system of pauperism, I think that trait in Cati-

line's character, '*alieni appetens, sui profusus,*' should be the motto of the tribe."

"Which," said general Maurice, "as Mr. Marsham disproves my use of the word *philippic*, I will translate for the ladies, to prove my scholarship—'profuse beggars."

"Now I hope you have finished your learning and your satirizing," said Mrs. Marsham; "we are detaining these worthy people, who have at least thrown off *their* mottled skin, got rid of *their* unhappy cast, which I wish some of our high beggars had done. Come, Lucy, introduce me to them."

"You need not, my dear daughter," said lady Apreuth, "be in any unusual hurry. They have already found in this house many old acquaintance, who rejoice at their good fortune, to whom they have much country news to tell, and who, I suspect, in despite of their fashionable appearance, are rather more conversable acquaintance than we our-

selves shall prove. But I'll restrain your impatience no longer."

After the commonplace "How do you do?" by name, to Mr. Stephen Russel, Mr. Giles Bradford, and his daughter, and the usual return—"This is Mr. Arthur Apreuth's sister, Mrs. Marsham, and her husband," said Miss Chamont, lady Apreuth and general Maurice being very well known before, the bows and curtseys were repeated, and Mr. Stephen Russel, whose good fortune had already begun to loosen the sinews of his tongue, with a proper spirit, replied—"Ma'am, I be married to Miss Betsy Bradford; and my good friend, Mr. Bradford, and my wife, and myself, are come to see Bath; because, ladies, I have got an estate very near Bath; and that lawyer gentleman, Mr. Lawnsom of Brittleford, my agent, ladies, who is a very good as well as wise man, advised me to have this here estate near Bath settled on my wife; and so now, ladies, we be come to see it; but I live in Hamp-

shire, and I keep the home-estate in hand; and my father-in-law, Mr. Giles Bradford, is my steward and bailiff; and we all live very happy together, ladies; though Mr. Giles and Mrs. Bradford have got a house of their own; for they live in the farm-house, which they like very much, ladies."

"Thank you, Mr. Stephen Russel," said Mrs. Marsham, "for telling us so concisely your history, which you rightly supposed that we all wished to know. I am very glad to find that you have married this young lady, for your own sake, for her sake, and for her worthy father and mother's sake."

Mrs. Marsham began to think that she was proceeding too far, considering that it was the first time of her seeing the parties, and she paused; but the language was not unpalatable, and they all looked pleased.

Lady Apreuth now spoke kindly, friendly, and considerately to them; and Miss Chamont took up the conversation.—

"Mr. Arthur Apreuth had informed my lady of your very proper behaviour, Mr. Russel, and of your intended marriage; and she remarked that there was no doubt of your all going on well, as long as God's word was the rule of your conduct."

"My lady, madams, sirs," said Mr. Giles Bradford, with great precision and gravity, "Mr. Stephen Russel has wonderfully experienced God's goodness; and it would be ungrateful, as well as foolish, to forget his Lord and Master; as we heard a poor unfortunate gentleman say in the playhouse last night—'If I had served my God with half the zeal that I have served my king, He would never have forsaken me in my old age.' But I don't mean to say a word against *our* king; this was the wicked old Harry, that had, like Blue Beard, so many wives, and killed them all."

Lady Apreuth had been speaking to Mrs. Russel; the other ladies now joined her, and soon found that the young bride neither wanted mother's wit nor father's

sense. She informed them, that both her husband and self did not neglect improving themselves in their education—that they had both of them plenty of employment—that she, with her household, made her own bread, butter, and cheese; and that he was always employed in his garden, when he had nothing else to do; while her father was already become the general friend and assistant to the whole parish.

Lady Apreuth found that their stay in Bath was very short, and she provided them with tickets to a concert that evening. Mrs. Marsham and Miss Chamont, with general Maurice and Mr. Marsham, accompanied them, and it proved an inexhaustible fund of amusement to Mrs. Marsham. To the inquiries of her very fashionable friend, "Who are they?" she truly described Mr. Giles Bradford as one of the first natural and practical philosophers of the day—"He derives his science from the fountain-head; doctor Wilkinson is nothing to him. That elegant sylph-like

figure, the very child of *naïveté*, is his daughter; he is the particular friend and late tutor of that young gentleman, Mr. Russel, who, by inheritance, has lately taken possession of the ancient family estates in Hampshire and other counties—a family every body knows; it traces its pedigree to the dukes of Devonshire."

Upon this information, all the young ladies exhilarated their sweet countenances with hope; here and there an eye was turned towards Miss Chamont with suspicion and jealousy. A dowager, who was very anxious for the future welfare of her daughters, and who would not have felt disappoinment, if her favourite Miss Clorinda had married a youth lately extricated from the poorhouse, if he had now owned three thousand a-year, and was enabled to make a settlement of one upon her dear Clorinda, was already remarking if the party made any stay at Bath; and as they were all so fond of music, she should be happy to see them at a private party; when Mrs. Marsham crushed all her anti-

cipations of glowing fancy, and lowered every animated feature of maiden beauty listening around her, by her answer—

"They are highly obliged, my dear madam; but this is a mere flying visit to Bath, to inspect a beautiful estate at Summerfield, which Mr. Russel had settled upon his wife."

"His wife!" was unconsciously repeated in half a dozen tremulous notes of disappointment and indifference.

"Yes, didn't I say that he is just married to the young lady, his friend's daughter."

"He has not been his friend, then, for nothing," remarked the fashionable Mrs. Salter.

"Matrimony is a lottery, ma'am," replied Mrs. Marsham, "in which we cannot all draw prizes; and when we have drawn our matrimonial ticket, it is some time before we know whether it is a prize or a blank."

"The lottery is all *before* marriage, I conceive," said a widow lady, with a large

jointure; "for when once the ways and means of the parties have been ably investigated by their friends, when the settlements are determined upon, and duly signed and sealed, *after* the celebration of the nuptials, there are few chances, or changes, or lottery adventures, to be expected."

"I believe you are right, ma'am, and I am wrong," replied Mrs. Marsham, "except as to those secondary considerations which arise from certain uncertainties, gratifications, and disappointments, both of the head and heart; but in the case before us, which has occasioned all our very wise remarks for the edification of the unmarried ladies around us, I have only to mention, that the parties have known one another from childhood, and that the good fortune of the young lady is well deserved by her family, who were the friends of her husband, when he had not a farthing or another friend in the world."

But Mrs. Marsham's attention and amusement were now more pleasantly di-

rected towards her new acquaintance; and the consequence of all three was highly enhanced among the fashionables, by the great notice taken of them by that lady, who, ever afterwards, declared that this was the most agreeable concert that she, at any period of her life, attended, from the native effusions of mind and feelings in Mr. and Mrs. Russel, and more particularly from the criticism of such an amateur and connoisseur as Mr. Giles Bradford, himself a vocal and instrumental performer.

The day before the Apreuth family left Bath, general Maurice dined, by appointment, with Mr. Thomson; and lord Delhoran's death becoming the subject of conversation, the old gentleman gave some particulars of his history, which, in the fullest and most offensive light, shewed the baseness of his lordship's conduct, and his total want of principle. Mr. Thomson had seen doctor Wardine in the morning, who was going through Bath to his living, where he resided. The doctor had,

from conscientious motives, resigned his other living, and was now become as sanguine in promoting acts beneficial to his neighbours, as he once was in making himself the object of ridicule. From doctor Wardine, who knew every body and every thing, Mr. Thomson had heard of an occurrence in the Atheling family, a subject of more notability in the world at large than at Castlerock. The honourable Henry Atheling, whose poetical mania had been lowered to a cooler temperature by the exposure of Mr. M'Tweed, or Twadle, had burst the demoniacal fetters of reviewing fears, put his manuscript of select poems for awhile aside on the shelf, and taken a flight of another kind: he had just set off to Gretna Green, with Miss Florinda Forester, the only child of George Forester, esq. of Woodland Park. A letter from the susceptible youth had informed the earl of Browover of the circumstance two days before, on the very morning of the commencement of the expedition; and when the exclamation of lady

Browover, and the tittering of the honourrable ladies Julia and Matilda Atheling, had subsided, lord Browover remarked—"Had you any idea of this, Frederick?"

"Not the least idea, my lord, that Henry would have taken the Scottish jaunt; that he was one of the lady's admirers, was very well known in town."

"Then you consider this momentous business in the same light that I do," said the earl, "that Mr. Forester probably would not have withheld his consent, and that there could be neither any objection on our parts, except as to the youth of the parties."

"Henry, my dear father," said lady Julia, "is of age."

"Within a month, my dear," replied the earl. "And what is the age of the lady, Frederick?"

"Seventeen, I believe, my dear sir," answered lord Atheling.

"A very proper difference," said my lady.

"Then, as far as it concerns ourselves,

the thing is settled," said the earl. "I will write to Mr. Forester; and I think he may rejoice concerning his daughter, as I do concerning my son, that he has done no worse."

CHAPTER VII.

MANY months had passed, and the new year had commenced, when Mr. Bereton, according to a promise made in the summer, arrived at the earl's seat. He was instantly conscious of the alteration in his friend, but forbore with prudence from making any hasty remarks. There are few persons in life who have not felt that disgust which arises from vulgar and injudicious personal remarks, of looking thin, or pale, or ill; happily for lord Atheling, the persons with whom he associated were not so deficient in sense or manners to

give this additional sensation to his real ill health.

"Will you hunt to-morrow, Bereton? I can mount you," were the closing words of lord Atheling, to a desultory conversation, before the gentlemen retired to their respective chambers for the night.

"The distance, I think, is too far," answered Mr. Bereton, reflecting upon his friend's debilitated appearance.

Nothing further passed; and greatly was Mr. Bereton surprised, at the breakfast-table, in the morning, to hear that lord Atheling had set off early to meet the hounds.

After breakfast Mr. Bereton ordered his horse.—"I'll ride out, and endeavour to find them," said he to the earl; "perhaps I shall prevail on his lordship to return the sooner with me; for indeed I had no thought of his lordship's going so far to cover, or I certainly would have accompanied him."

"Why had you no thought?" asked

the earl; "do you think my son looks very ill?"

The question, thus directly put, he fairly answered.—"My lord, I will not one moment conceal my mind from you. I do think my friend looks ill."

"He is very ill," said the earl, suppressing his agonized feelings. "It is impossible that this sudden love-affair can have affected him."

"Not *sudden*, my lord; I have watched its progress for above these three years, and repeatedly warned and cautioned his lordship."

"I know you have, sir," replied the earl. "Our opinions, Mr. Bereton, are different on many subjects; but so convinced am I of your sincerity and friendship towards me and mine, that I receive more satisfaction and benefit, I may say, from your honest disagreement, than from the ready acquiescence of many most obsequious acquaintances. I am very anxious to know more of this infatuating Miss Chamont."

"Your lordship has heard she has every disadvantage of birth, but that her person is most pleasing, her manners most agreeable, and her conversation most fascinating; so it may be said of a thousand other women; you cannot, therefore, my lord, easily know more of the powers that have charmed your son, unless you were personally acquainted with her."

"That is not very likely, nor very easy, sir. But I cannot induce myself to suppose that that grace and dignity which are conspicuous in persons well-born and well-bred, can accompany all the other beauties and virtues of this heroine."

"The lady, my lord, is well-bred, if you mean otherwise than well-born; and tho' we are approaching the points in which we differ, my lord, I think you will allow that good-breeding without birth is more likely to create grace and dignity, than a noble birth without a liberal education. It is my opinion, and I can have no doubt that it is your son's, that this

young lady is as much, in manners and in person, endowed with the grace and dignity of real fashionable life, as any lady of our acquaintance."

"Impossible, Mr. Bereton!"

"Your lordship might easily be convinced if our opinions coincided in these points. Miss Chamont will be soon returned to Bath, and she generally attends lady Apreuth to the upper rooms; she seldom—I know not that she ever, dances. I have heard your lordship say that you are not personally acquainted with any of the family, except Mr. Arthur. He is still, and likely to remain, after they leave him, at his living in Devonshire. I could easily introduce you casually to the young lady at the rooms; for my respect for this young lady would never have gained the present height, if my opinion did not raise her above all form and concealment; and I could even mention the circumstance to lady Apreuth, that you might converse with Miss Chamont unknown for some time alone."

"No, no, not by any means, Mr. Bereton; if my own opinion was to be the criterion of my son's conduct, I would avail myself thankfully of the offer; but, except this unhappy, this shocking, this conclusive objection, of the most degrading birth, my son's own opinion must judge of the amiability, beauty, and each accompanying talent and grace of the lady that he takes for a wife. But I come to the purpose for which I am now detaining you from your ride. Dearly as I value the hereditary honours and dignities of my house, I will not put them in competition with the life or with the health of my son ——"

"Your lordship," hastily breaking upon his speech, Mr. Bereton spake, "is fully aware who Miss Chamont is?"

"Not fully, perhaps," his lordship answered.

Mr. Bereton told him all.

The earl held his hands before his face, yet more and more covering it, as the counsellor proceeded; and then, without

removing them—"Oh, this is indeed impossible! this is no subject of consideration; here are barriers as appalling, as invincible, as unnatural, to a truly noble mind, as the horrid and unprincipled idea of love for a man's own sister, or his father's wife!"

"Nay, nay, my lord! your feelings bear you out of the line of reason; love for this sweet lady violates no principle of natural feeling; rather, my lord, it is *most natural* that every man should fall in love with Lucy Chamont; yes, *most natural to the mind most noble*, for surely that mind must feel most pity, most love, and most hope. Horrid and unprincipled it cannot be; for beauty and virtue never yet created horror, and worth and wisdom are the foundations of good principle."

"Refine not on my words, sir; take me as I mean—take me as the heart, mind, and soul feel."

"Well then, my lord, I will suppose your meaning; but let me, at least, use correct and appropriate terms. 'Tis dread-

ful as to the world, the great, the ignorant world—'tis appalling as to a proud pedigree—'tis invincible to most minds, though not to every *truly*-noble mind; for many a noble mind has overcome greater obstacles than these. But what is the whole in the sight of God, and to the well-being of the soul and body, your lordship, as a Christian, can say."

"You are encroaching on Mr. Gwyllwes's province, sir. If your lordship would like to hear him upon this theme, I would willingly resign my argument."

"A truce, sir! I *must* consider it in a worldly view; if mere pride were the consideration, I would candidly own to you that Mr. Gwyllwes *has* shewn me my error."

"Take the tale then, my lord, as I have told you, with all its horrors, and I assert, without apprehension, that not an individual can be found, who ever yet had the honour of knowing Lucy Chamont, but will assert, agree with me, that the whole is actually, sincerely, and solemnly *nothing*

to that poor, innocent, and most lovely young woman, as a *worldly* character."

"What, sir! do you mean to argue that her beauty, or the propriety of her conduct, or I know not what accomplishments, can supersede the claims of birth, or annihilate a parentage of infamy and guilt?"

"I mean, my lord, that she has, by her own merits, gained a station in society, where relative disgrace can never reach to soil her. The birth, indeed, my lord, is not quite certain; and let it be granted, the breath of evil can proceed no further. Yet take this birth, my lord, with all its depravity and horror, void of all fashion, fame, and honour, and let me see whether your lordship would prefer some great, and noble, and fashionable alliances, which I could point out to you, instead of that of Lucy Chamont."

The earl had drawn his chair nigh to a side-table, upon which his right elbow leant, while the hand still covered his brow, slowly and deliberately he spoke—

"Proceed, proceed, sir; patiently impatient I attend to you."

"Do you know, my lord, that beautiful, charming, delicate creature—she is an actress—to-day a queen, to-morrow a sultana; and every day has she been off the stage the idolized mistress of some of the richest and noblest lords; in short, take her from her theatrical greatness, and her fashionable character, and she is a prostitute. Would your lordship rather that your son married this all-desired wanton than poor Lucy Chamont?"

"No, no," said his lordship, hastily.

"Yet she is now, my lord, the wife of the marquis ——. I present you another, my lord. Here is a very gay and witty lady; she is well-born, well-bred—she is an heiress of vast possessions—she is indeed married, but she hates the sober, moralizing simpleton—she is ready to fly into the arms of some youthful gallant lover. Shall *your* son catch the blooming prize to his bosom—pay twenty thousand pounds for a divorce, and gain two hundred thou-

sand with the lady—shall he take to his honourable marriage-bed this rich and noble adultress, rather than poor Lucy Chamont?"

"Oh, no! God forbid, Mr. Bereton, that I should ever entertain such depravity of sentiment!"

"My lord, cannot you recognize this lady of rank and vice in the wife of the accomplished lord ——? But here, my lord, is a lady of high rank, pedigree, and most ennobling alliances; her father is an earl. The lady too has beauty and wit, and an independent fortune—part of it indeed is an annuity from pensions and settlements, rather of a strange nature."

"Sir, I understand you.—No, Mr. Bereton. I know not what you lawyers call this kind of evidence, but it is too conclusive for me. Sorry indeed should I be that my son, though he is not an M. P. or boasts the superior virtues of a modern reformer and philosopher, should be the husband of that lady."

Mr. Bereton continued—"But, my lord,

all is not vice. Let me offer you a different choice—another, and yet a greater heiress. She is neither witty, beautiful, nor vicious, but she has boroughs, manors, and monies enough even to increase your lordship's rank as well as possessions. Would you rather that your family should be perpetuated from this all-great and wealthy stock by your son's alliance with the lady, who is not entirely an idiot, than with poor Lucy Chamont?"

"Again, Mr. Bereton, I say no.—What father, what honourable man would?"

"Pardon me, my lord, many honourable fathers would—a friend of yours would, but he did not succeed; for the lady's friends listened to the treaty of the earl of —— for his son, and that dutiful son gladly acquiesced in the choice. I have many other fair ones to submit to your lordship's notice—the daughter of a duke—need I name her?"

"No, sir."

"The widow of a duke."

"I understand you."

"The daughter of a foreign prince—the widow of a foreign prince—an independent princess in her own right—ay, a modern Mary queen of Scots; they may be all but virtuous, for what I know; but with that trifling deficiency, which would you prefer for your son, instead of the poor and virtuous Lucy Chamont?"

"Neither, neither. I am not ignorant of either of your meanings, sir. Oh! give me your girl in her rags, and out of the house of infamy itself, so she were yet pure, than either of these."

"My lord," (his lordship had taken his hand from his countenance, and, leaning with both hands upon the arms of his chair, entered fully into the strength of the young counsellor's argument), "I could present to you these actresses, harlots, adultresses, and idiots, in many a different character and fashion, and all of them in the *haut ton*, desirable, and with eminent celebrity—I could clearly point out to you noble families and societies of very high

rank, where, if your son led his wife—that wife, if she were Lucy Chamont, would have reason to start back and say, 'Whatever are my disadvantages, I hope ever to be above such company as this; shew me, my husband, the house of poverty, and I will enter and relieve it—shew me wickedness penitent, and I will administer the balm of peace—or shew me conscious sin, and I will endeavour to reclaim it. But I have not been bred to associate with successful and self-glorious vice, though adorned with talents, graces, and dignities; and if this is to be my introduction to high life, leave me, I pray you, sir, to my indifference and my solitude.' I go a step further, my lord. I believe, if such an introduction was proposed to Lucy Chamont, that she would say something very like what I have fancied. Pardon me, my lord," continued Mr. Bereton, "if I have unintentionally made free with any of your acquaintance; I wished to shew you, that the degradation of an alliance with Lucy Chamont was not so debasing in the eyes

of wisdom and worth—I mean, without a strained compliment, in your lordship's own eyes, as you might imagine."

The earl smiled at the compliment, and Mr. Bereton proceeded—"Yet, my lord, I have one word to say concerning many of these more loathed and contemned by your lordship, than the young innocent lady whose case I am advocating, though she is unknown to you—I mean that, bad as they have been, they are not only ennobled, but they are changed characters; and where-ever the good change has taken place, we find the better part of the world is willing to forget the former evil of their ways. So your lordship very properly visits my lord ——; and last winter the ladies of your family were introduced to his *now-amiable wife;* so the duchess dowager of —— introduces ——. But, my lord, I hurt my case by any comparison, and I have done; yet I think, my lord, that I could produce another argument, if you will excuse my so personally addressing——"

"I beg," said lord Browover, interrupt-

ing him, "that you will advance any kind of argument you choose; a choice of evils is but at the last a bad choice, and assuredly it would be wiser not to choose at all."

"Indeed, my lord, I think there are few choices without what some one or other would call an evil; therefore, if I shew you an evil where you did not expect one, or the evil you conceive counteracted by a greater good, I prove the superior claim of Lucy Chamont to be the wife of the great and good."

"I wait," said the earl, with recovered self-possession, "your further argument, sir," and his lordship looked with renewed complacency to his long honourable pedigree.

Mr. Bereton arose from his seat, and walked up to the same spot.—"I think, my lord, if I were to begin with these noble dames, and, one by one, investigate whether you had rather your son had so married with such as many of these highly-dignified ladies, than with Miss Chamont, that I could make out a good case." His

lordship felt the blood rise in his autumnal cheek, at the recollection of the very honourable lady whom to his son he had before noticed. "But," continued Mr. Bereton, "I have been too severe a satirist already; your lordship does not doubt my respect for your family, and for the nobility; nor are you ignorant that I could produce noble, amiable, beautiful, wise, virtuous, charitable, and religious women, who adorn many a coronet, and select some of them from a very low station; yet I do not believe, my lord, that there is one of these, however noble her own birth or alliance, who would not sooner hail the poor Lucy Chamont as the wife of your son, and introduce her as such to the king and queen of the land, than they would the most preferable of all the noble, accomplished, fashionable, beautiful, and witty actresses, harlots, and adultresses, whom I have noticed; and, if they knew Miss Chamont, they would as willingly introduce her, as any of the right honourable and noble ladies now before me."

Mr. Bereton kept his ground, still looking with a scrutinizing eye at the pedigree.

The earl walked for a few minutes up and down the room, then—"You have touched upon all these points before now, Bereton, but I'll acknowledge that you never argued them so well. What more have you to say, that may set this Miss Lucy Chamont in her true light?"

"I know but one argument more, my lord, which I think far surpasses all that I have used; but probably you have often heard and read it far better than I can state it. I approach, my lord, with reverence the table, and touch this book;" and he pointed to an old family Bible, that always laid upon a desk, from whence family-prayers were read: "let Lucy Chamont be judged, be compared by *this*. I believe your lordship will allow that there cannot be a better test; and I think, as you are receding from this world, and trust that you are approaching a better, you will often put your hand to your heart, and feel yourself

less and less ashamed, if this poor young woman should ever be your daughter-in-law."

The earl drew himself up, and spake deliberately—(how well it is when we can turn pride to the right side of the question!) —"If my son were *not ill*, Mr. Bereton, I would say, 'Let him do as he pleases;' but *ill* as he certainly is, and perhaps from the cause we have been speaking upon, I beg of you to tell him, that he has my free consent to address Miss Chamont, and that I with pleasure give it, with a full view of the whole of the subject."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER a very pleasant and very satisfactory, though very short interview with his father, lord Atheling lost no time in seeking the fair enslaver of his heart. The change of scene, or rather the release of

mental sensation, gave vigour to soul and body; and the earl, in the few days his son remained at Castlerock, saw an increase of his health.

When lord Atheling arrived at Bath, he was greatly disappointed to hear that lady Apreuth had, a few days before, left the city, and it was doubtful whether the ladies were at sir David's in Wales, or at Mr. Arthur's parsonage in Devonshire. At length it occurred to lord Atheling that he probably might gain the requisite information by inquiring at Miss Ffloyd's, and luckily she was in Bath and at home.

There was a time when the company with whom he found Miss Ffloyd would, most of all company, have appalled his honourable feelings; but this dross of greatness, which is never allayed in some minds, but keeps them always in a turbid state, had been often agitated through his, for some good purpose at length, and had now subsided for ever.

There were in Miss Ffloyd's parlour at the time a low tradesman of the place—a

busy, prating fellow, very well known, and not a little avoided by those troubled with this tender sensation—and a female of little delicacy, and rather superior rank, who affected to know every body. These good people, for I have nothing to say against their goodness, were tenants of Miss Ffloyd, and living in adjoining houses, came together to pay their rent. The parlour-door, not unfrequently the case when the parrots were in their cages, was open at the time lord Atheling inquired if Miss Ffloyd was at home?

Miss Ffloyd heard him, and knowing his voice, exclaimed, as she generally did, before she reflected—"Oh, it's my lord Atheling! Pray walk in, my lord; I shall soon be at leisure—only writing a couple of receipts. The Apreuths are in Devonshire."

"You are a conjuror, Miss Ffloyd," said lord Atheling, not yet entering the parlour. "I called to ask you where the Apreuths were?" And though his lordship, at the sight of her visitors, felt a little

alarmed, yet he received their ready civilities with a very good grace.

"I know," said Miss Ffloyd, laughing—she was dressed in a strange kind of old-fashioned, spotted bedgown, and her hair was entirely hidden by a large morning cap—"there are many who think I look not unlike a witch," very leisurely, as she spoke, viewing herself as if she had been in a masquerade dress, in a glass; "but I did not expect such a compliment from your lordship."

The company, whose polite vulgarism, and vulgar politeness, had laboured to suppress a laugh, now burst forth, with yet more disgusting apologies, and his lordship himself could have done the same, when Mr. Pettit spake—"I believe, ma'am, there be no witches in the present day but young witches, and the younger, and the handsomer, and the prettier they be, the greater witches for me."

"Well, Miss Ffloyd," said the lady, "you and I will give up our own claim to witchcraft. Must we not, my lord?"

"Certainly not, according to Mr. Pettit's definition," said his lordship, not even affecting not to know the man's name, and who, on his part, felt that proper notice which every man owes his fellow-man, and which kept him in his right sphere more correctly than supercilious and distant manners could have done; and he civilly bowed—"I am much obliged to your lordship."

Miss Ffloyd added at the same moment —"I beg, Mrs. Travers, you will only answer for yourself."

His lordship, who was not ashamed to stay, but wished to be gone, said—"As I have got the information I wished, and have had the pleasure of seeing you well, Miss Ffloyd, you will, more particularly as you are engaged, excuse my running away; but, if you were not engaged," perceiving the good company were about to make excuses, "I could not sit down at present, as I leave Bath to-morrow morning—am going into Devonshire, and shall be happy to take any commands for

you, if you will be so obliging as to send them to the York Hotel. Good-morning, Miss Ffloyd; good-morning, Mrs. Travers and Mr. Pettit."

"What a fine gentleman lord Atheling is!" said Mrs. Travers; "he used to be reckoned rather proud, but he is quite the true nobleman now. You see the great good of travelling."

"If there is any change in his lordship," said Miss Ffloyd, "it is not from travelling; his travels were nearly passed over, I believe, before you or I knew his name, Mrs. Travers."

"Well, be that as it will, Miss Ffloyd, he is a prince of a man! I wish he would stand for the county of ——. I know the freeholders would have him, and I'd write to my two nephews, who, I am sure, would both give him their votes."

"Indeed he is a true lord," said Mr. Pettit; "and he dealt at my shop when he was in lodgings, and he always paid ready money; and his groom and his valet were as civil, well-behaved men as ever I met

with in my life, and gave him then an excellent character."

I need not further prosecute this conversation; I have said enough, if it furnish a practical lesson to any great man. That affected conversation that pretends to remember a person—that hesitating at the name, not to dwell on that conceit which wilfully or indifferently miscalls a person, often speak very plainly, as well as rudely, to the person addressed, and sometimes subject the condescender to cutting retort.

"Mr. Spriggins, I believe; I am sure I ought to know."

"No, my lord, I am not acquainted with any reason why you should."

"I think, sir, I had the honour of meeting you at ———."

"If you did, my lord, the honour was mine."

In truth, great men are too fond of condescending—condescending so that it may be felt, and little men of receiving any honourable notice, rather than none at all.

It cannot be supposed that the names of casual acquaintance are to be always and readily remembered; and many a noble memory is taxed for a great deal more than is at all necessary; but wherever uniform politeness guides the conduct, and the great man comes forward on even terms, social intercourse will take place, with less apprehension on one part, less intrusion on the other, and less restraint on both. A diffident man is often confounded, and confusion is mistaken for freedom: while a great man is wishing to get rid of his companion, his companion is often most heartily wishing to make his escape.

I could prosecute these remarks to the edification of us all; I *have* prosecuted them, I trust, to a greater liberality of mind in many who read these pages. Many a thoughtful hour of vexation had that gentleman avoided, who is the chief subject of my story, if he had, earlier in life, sifted through his mind the principle of pride; but though "better late than

never," is a good adage, "to prevent is better than to cure," surpasses it.

Let us hasten on with lord Atheling into Devonshire: borne on the rapid pinions of love, he arrives on the very spot where, if ever any man could have preferred a particular situation to declare all the sensations of his heart to the maiden most beloved, his lordship now had gained his choice. His arrival was a surprise to all his friends.

During his winged voyage, he had employed his thoughts upon some plausible excuse for his presence, before the real cause could with propriety be developed, and he wisely resolved to proceed in the simplest way. In the evening, after the ladies had retired, he opened his mind to his friend Arthur—" Arthur, you cannot be ignorant what are my opinions of Miss Chamont. Every thought of my heart upon the subject is known to my father; every prejudice has fallen before the knowledge of her worth. I wish to speak to her alone to-morrow morning. Have I

best ask your foster-sister herself for that favour, or am I likely to meet with an opportunity? The latter would be most desirable."

"Lucy generally," said Mr. Arthur, "walks alone in the garden in the morning till my mother comes down to breakfast."

"I'll not lose the occasion," said lord Atheling; and not feeling himself equal to further discourse on the subject, he arose, and with the best wishes of his friend, and with an unusual pressure and glow of his hand, retired to his chamber.

His lordship was up early, and in waiting, but Miss Chamont made not her usual appearance. His lordship was the first in the breakfast-room, and not till the breakfast-hour did any one approach, when Miss Chamont first joined him. Had not his lordship felt the greatest agitation, he had probably remarked something of the like nature in the lady. There was no time at present for an *eclaircissement*, and

after the morning salutation, his lordship could only say—"I wish particularly to address you, Miss Chamont; will you favour me with your company in our friend's garden after breakfast?"

"I'll attend your lordship," said the lady, rather consciously.

Secrecy! how often art thou nothing but a name! Such for no short period of time had been the love of lord Atheling for Miss Lucy Chamont. He had not been acquainted with this interesting fair one a month before lady Apreuth discovered it, and carefully keeping her secret, wisely counteracted the growing effects of it on the mind of her beloved and dutiful foster-child.

The second season at Bath, Lucy Chamont herself, without giving way to female vanity, considered lord Atheling as one who loved her, but to whom it was impossible for her ever to be united. It was contrary to the natural feelings of human kind, in her or in any woman to whom he should pay attention, not to like him;

and though that liking increased, it never exceeded that sentimental feeling which her heart experienced for sir David and his brother, and for Mr. Bereton. Indeed, though she might be most pleased with the company of lord Atheling, her affection flowed wherever gratitude opened her heart. The candid and liberal conduct of count Guilfill, in his affair of the heart, injured lord Atheling by the contrast. Had the count been no worldly soldier, and like the lady in religious feeling, he had surely carried off the prize; for that opposite feeling, which the sense of the whole of his lordship's behaviour naturally inspired, would, in a weaker mind, or one not fortified by the purest and noblest of precepts, have decided in favour of the count.

In the next season, the sensations of Miss Chamont's mind were yet more easily ruled; for such will be ever the effect, when resolutions emanate from correct principle. Her mind was become the for-

tress that had often repelled the foe. His lordship, it might be said, was become yet more agreeable; not an unpleasant symptom of pride was now visible; but every proud obstacle, Miss Chamont knew, still remained in the back-ground. Her confidence in commanding her own feelings was increased, and with greater ease she conversed—with increased pleasure she associated with his lordship; and while the temptation was become stronger to his lordship, her resolutions were strengthened.

Thus, among all the admirers of Miss Chamont, no one had so many obstacles to encounter as my lord Atheling; his dearest friends ever stood opposed to him; the favourable opinion of the lady was directly turned against him. The impediments that hindered the attempt on his part were all arrayed hostile to his success in the lady's mind, and the phantoms that he had created, he could not again lay.

It is unnecessary to add how clearly all her and his friends perceived the real state

of his lordship's heart; but not so clearly could any of them divine hers.

Mrs. Marsham once attempted to sound it in search of this quicksand of love—"Have you not *one* kind feeling, Lucy, towards the all-delightful lord Atheling, that you are ashamed to confess?"

"I should be ashamed if I had."

"Why so, my dear?"

"Because lord Atheling has never given me the smallest reason."

"Not directly, perhaps, Miss Lucy, but *indirectly*, you cannot deny, to which, of course, my question led."

"I should be as foolish as vain, if I did not deny it."

"Fie, Lucy!"

"Nay, fie, Mrs. Marsham. If *you* were not married——" She did not finish the sentence.

"What then?" sharply asked Mrs. Marsham.

"Why, I would say, Mrs. Marsham, that though you may scrutinize my conduct, and judge of me by your own con-

science, after all you may be wrong in your judgment."

"You are severe on me, my young friend."

"Deservedly so," said lady Apreuth.

Miss Chamont left the room—Mrs. Marsham ran after her, and in an instant brought her back, in the most affectionate manner—"I beg your pardon, my dear Lucy, ten thousand times; yet it is all my love for you, you know well enough; but I'll never forgive you, if he makes you an offer, and you ever keep the secret from me."

"If I fancy that I am ever likely to hear one, am I, my dear Mrs. Marsham, to tell you my hopes or my fears concerning it before I know it myself?"

"Certainly: I insist upon it."

"You certainly ask, my dear Mrs. Marsham, what I shall *not* promise to grant. *You* have many fancies, I doubt not, that you would hide, if possible, from your very self, and I do not pretend to be wiser than you are."

"Don't you, you little hussey? but if you don't *pretend*, I have no doubt but you *think* so: but, mind me, Miss, and when these amatorial fancies arise, reveal them to me, as, if not the best, the most busy of your friends; because, wise as you are, you pretty mixture of the serpent and the dove, two heads are better than one."

Now my story proceeds.

CHAPTER IX.

WITHOUT any prudery, but with what inward agitation it is more easy for any mind to conceive than for the most deep-searching to describe, Miss Chamont adjusted her hat and shawl, and walked into the garden. His lordship had left the breakfast-room some time before, and from his own chamber beheld her. He was in a few seconds at her side.

After the not-unusual prelude of thanks

for acquiescing to his request for the meeting, his lordship began—"You have some time known me, Miss Chamont, in *one* character most anxious to be considered your *friend*, though, from your early worth, and the judgment of this most excellent family, you happily have had no need of putting my humble services to the trial. But it has long been the first wish of my own heart, and it is now the wish and desire of all that are dear to me, that you would accept of my addresses to you, in a yet more honourable and more holy character."

"I am very grateful for the favourable notice of your lordship. My life has been a pleasing life of gratitude, and my only difficulty seems to be for me not to suffer my mind to be buoyed up beyond the remembrance of what I have been; nor, in my acquaintance with your lordship, whom I most highly esteem, is it proper that your lordship should forget that I am the child of sin and of misery—of wretchedness and of sorrow."

Lord Atheling's first address was too palpable for any sensible woman to mistake; Miss Chamont, therefore, did not with affectation avoid the meaning.

His lordship replied—"Whatever your disadvantages of birth may have been, Miss Chamont, they cannot affect your worth, and they are more than counterbalanced by your education, and by your natural, even far beyond your acquired graces. I can solemnly assure you, that knowing the whole of your earlier history, it now enhances my respect, my esteem, and my most devoted love."

"You overwhelm me with praise, my lord, most undeservedly."

His lordship interrupted the lady to attest again solemnly his sincerity, and Miss Chamont proceeded—"Indeed, my lord, my *natural* graces, as you are pleased to call my endowments, are very few indeed: my person, sheltered from adversity, and a rude manner of life, is almost the whole I can boast of from nature. I have been

versed, from my earliest youth, in suppressing the feelings of my heart—in concealing the thoughts of my mind—in forming myself to a certain character of steadiness and correctness. I have (thanks to my friends!) again known *what* I was born, and I have laboured unceasingly to preserve that deportment that might afford no harbour for the least injurious remark, and that might counteract the evil tendency of nature."

"Nay, nay, Miss Chamont," said lord Atheling, breaking in upon her unfinished speech, "injure not the heaven-stamped purity of your character by such harsh remarks, which are at variance alike with my reason and my feelings. That you have improved, both by example and by precept, on nature's boon, I will not deny; but I must deny that you are the composition of art, or that you are in any degree otherwise than what you seem to be. There is not a woman, Miss Chamont, that I would marry, on the face of the earth, without looking forward to something beyond

this world; and when I presume to address myself to you, I am confident that I have ever seen you as you are."

"No, my lord," very seriously the young lady replied; "you know not my natural temper or natural feelings. Reflecting on my strange birth, and gracious (heavenly-gracious I mean) state in life, I have assu[illegible]d a deportment not congenial to my sensations—I have suppressed the laugh when with others I could have laughed—yes, sir, I have stifled the tear, when others have given it a free vent—I have concealed my sentiments, when my heart has beaten to give them full utterance, and I have thought it proper that I should speak, when my inclination would have led me to silence. I mean not to say, my lord, that I have concealed a necessary truth, or uttered an intentional falsehood; but with sincerity, I must avow to you, that I scarcely ever yield to the impulse of my native feelings—I act from deliberate thought, and if I err, it is the error of the mind as well as of the heart. This assum-

ed character may not always have been preserved before my dearest friends: my dear, open-hearted Mrs. Marsham has often, joking before you, but seriously to my conviction, accused me of these things, and often too has she proved the truth of her assertions, by calling forth my angry passions. With the excellent Miss Ffloyd I frequently have associated with that kind of company, low and honest, I confess, with delight and satisfaction have I associated with them—with whom your lordship (I do not mean to arraign, but to shew the dissimilarity of our tastes), with whom your lordship would be ashamed to be seen."

"Oh, do not wound me!" his lordship broke upon her speech, "I will not say so cruelly and ungenerously, but in what has been my weakest point, I confess: but this weakness I have, happily for myself, if unhappily I fail in interesting you, trodden for ever under foot. I may be surprised to a proud sense, but I will not de-[illegible]tely indulge in one. I own, and shall

always own, the respect that is due to honours and rank; but I will not withhold that respect from learning and worth. I will treat every man as my equal, if his manners and conduct make him so; and I shall feel no shame in joining any society but of the vulgar and the vicious. Pardon me, my dear Miss Chamont, for thus expressing, rather defending, myself. I know not how to reply to you as to the character you give of yourself; I can only say, that I am assuredly convinced that there is no deception in you; and if you will but accept my addresses, my fidelity in every way shall attest my sincerity and devotion towards you."

"My lord, there are so many, *many* obstacles on your side, and (pardon me) on mine, which prevent me for a moment entertaining the idea of listening to your very obliging notice of me, that it would be a hard and futile task to attempt to mention them."

"I pray you, my dearest Miss Chamont, open to me at least your mind; hear at

least my plea—listen at least to what I have to answer to you. I pray you, by that friendship you profess for me, give me but a hearing—oh! give me, for our friendship's sake, a favourable hearing. Let me first ask, what are the great obstacles on my side? Will you favour me with walking into this alcove? my agitation cannot restrain itself."

They entered the alcove.

"Why should I trouble you, my lord Atheling," said the lady, "to speak of your father or mother—your family, connexions, and expectations—your relative wealth, contrasted with my worse than bankruptcy of kin?"

"I have not, my dear Miss Chamont, an obstacle opposed to me; by my father and mother's full approbation I now wait upon you. Deliberately and judiciously weighing every circumstance concerning you, my father willingly—most willingly, acquiesced to the *dearest* wish—I can almost say the *only* wish of my heart. Family expectations, and connexions, and

all *that* the world holds in repute, are considered by me as nothing, unless you will partake in the consideration: I only value them as mine, in the hope that they will be yours."

"I feel very grateful indeed, my lord," replied the young heroine; "but with gratitude I can no otherwise express myself—I can see no pleasing prospect beyond, to you—to me: the condescension of your family would be a weight pressing every day more and more heavily upon me."

"Oh! I must interrupt you, ever-dear Miss Chamont! Let my heart plead, though my words cannot; let the steadiness of my heart plead the length of attachment."

"It is, my lord, that length of attachment, if you please to call it so—that length which never till this day induced me to suppose that I ever should become thus an object of your preference, which convinces my reason at once, that this momentary triumph of female vanity should never be put in competition with years of

failure. In the same light that your lordship has beheld me for many years till the present day, it is most probable you will very soon again. There is not an obstacle against me which is not in its full force on my part, on your part, and indeed I rather think every obstacle has gained strength, particularly concerning myself, since every investigation of my early situation has shewn that obscurity is my highest hope."

"It is with that conviction I address you, most dear, and always-dear Miss Chamont. Let obscurity dissolve, and the most hideous certainty appear; it is a phantom I can look upon unappalled; the spectre once might have bewildered me; it is now the phantasmagoria that can only interest children and frighten idiots; its identity has no more to do with you than with me. Yes, madam, I have thoroughly tried and sifted my heart, and I can declare its sincerity towards you. Let not my delay in addressing you be a moment considered unaccompanied with the cause of that delay, my respect; let it not ap-

pear to you, then, in any other light than the true one, namely, never to offer you an uncertain *mind* for uncertain *heart;* I could not. I have indeed paused before I ventured to speak to you, but it was that I might speak fully and determinately. There were obstacles—I have *first* completely overcome them, because I would not involve you. I now offer you no doubtful, no divided homage. There is not—there cannot be in me a distant thought of a contrary nature; there cannot be in others, for the triumph of reason has been complete; and if I have long doubted and demurred—if the most agonizing love has not escaped from my lips, what were the motives that influenced my conduct, but the purity of my attachment, as I said before—my inviolable respect."

"My lord, I arraign no part of your conduct: my lord, I thank you—I unfeignedly thank you for the very honourable manner in which you have ALWAYS conducted yourself towards me; yet, my

lord, your arguments are but the result of your *present* feeling."

"My beloved Miss Chamont, rather say the development of my constant—my eternal feeling. I presume not to come before you with my addresses, as if I were a suddenly-enraptured youth; I do not fall upon my knees, to press you at once to grant all my devoted heart could wish—I do not urge you to consent to an immediate alliance, as if I were fearful of the perpetuity of my love—I can feel, and earnestly wish all this; but with yet more powerful feeling—more anxious wishes, I exclaim—'Beloved of my heart, my mind, my soul, hear me! admit me to your presence as one who hopes—with patience and deference hopes to be your husband."

He gently and respectfully offered to take her hand; overcome by her feelings, she did not harshly refuse it; but the result of calm deliberation aroused her, and she steadily, though determinately, withdrew it from his ardent grasp; yet with

trembling and half-despairing efforts he proceeded—"I have presumed to try *you*, and I am convinced of your worth. Oh! do but condescend to try *me*, most lovely of women! give me but hope. I speak not of time—I hurry you not; know, Miss Chamont, and be you known to my father—all my friends and my connexions. I *will* pledge myself to you, but I ask, as yet, no pledge in return—all I ask is, give me hope."

Methinks his lordship pleaded his cause with humility, and with proof of sincerity; but however he pleaded, it was not to the satisfaction of Miss Lucy Chamont.

"My lord," she replied, "I wish decisively to close the present subject. From my first acquaintance, I admired your lordship's manners and conversation; with my acquaintance you won my respect and esteem; those noble sentiments have constantly increased—they have increased to considering you as my friend; and the more I ventured to rely on you as my friend, the more able was I to eradicate

any intruding ideas that you ever could be my lover. I never thought but of friendship, and I was resolved, and I have kept my resolve, never to think further of you. I have ever been convinced of the folly of young ladies forming romantic friendships with the other sex; that, your lordship knows, has never been the case here; the word friendship has not been a commonplace phrase, nor otherwise than rarely and sacredly used."

"Too rarely," said lord Atheling, with great solemnity, but yet more sacredly.

Miss Chamont proceeded—"Yet, my lord, the whole of this family might attest my ingratitude to them as well as you, if I denied the term. In truth, my lord, friendship has been to me no prelude to higher hopes—no decoy to my feelings, but a prudent check—a constant warning—an awful caution to my mind. This is not prudery, but simple prudence; on the bounds of our friendship the world has placed an impassable gulf. I must therefore beg—earnestly beg, that you will never

again trouble—for it is indeed—I will not conceal my feelings—troubling me. It is unnecessarily raising a course of thoughts and remembrances, that reason has convinced me of the futility of. It is, I repeat, my lord, indeed troubling me with this ill-suited attachment. I am at present happy. Lucy Chamont has many friends, and among them with pleasure owns your lordship. Lucy Chamont, in despite of every natural disadvantage, has been raised to a station in society, by the never-ceasing love of her friends, which she supports with steadiness, and on equal terms every acquaintance associates with her. Your lordship, I again with pleasure say, has ever treated her as an equal; I at no period of our acquaintance perceived you to remember her as the daughter of indigence and obscurity. What then has Lucy Chamont to hope? I have never yet made a rash resolve; my lord, I have never bound myself to any conduct, because we none of us know what circumstances may arise, and the mind that is re-

solved on good, is enough bound by its own principle; but, my lord, it is not my intention—my wish, ever to marry*."

"So cold a resolve, Miss Chamont, is as appalling to me as a vow."

"On you, my lord, I would have it produce the like effect. Forget me, but in friendship. Consider well my present happy state. I have not concealed my opinions in your favour, sir, and say, if I were your wife, should I, unalloyed, have the same feelings? As *Miss Chamont*, I may be above the proud finger of scorn; but would I, as *lady Atheling*, be so?"

"Oh, assuredly!—undoubtedly you would," said lord Atheling, most warmly.

* I think, in this part of my story, that the genuine novelleyer will arraign me for not introducing a trifling alteration in this veritable history, by making my heroine vow, in some awful and solemn manner, as some consolation to lord Atheling for her refusal of him, that she never would marry any one except his lordship; but when the reader has proceeded a few pages further, he or she will think that I have violated one of the finest rules of novel-writing for effect, by not rather making the vow in this place to be, *that she never would, under any motives or circumstances, marry lord Atheling.*

"No, my lord, I should myself soon perceive my degrading birthright pointed out by my lofty station. I should consciously know that the wife of the eldest son of the earl of Browover ought not to be myself; and though I now, on an equal station, meet and converse with your lordship, I should then feel not only a degradation in society, but that I was lowered even in my own estimation."

"Enough!" rather hastily, though not haughtily, his lordship spoke, overpowered by his feelings; yet striving to recover a resignation foreign to his heart, he made, with difficulty, a further reply—"Enough of cruelty, Miss Chamont! enough to me, not of humility, but of ruin to my hopes. However powerful my own sensations, I must yield to yours. You state your present happy condition with so strong a contrast to all that I can offer, that I should presume indeed—I fear offend, if I proceeded further."

"Accept my thanks—I am now yet happier, my lord."

I will not enter into the degree of comparative happiness which Miss Lucy seemed so clearly to define; but I am convinced that no one who saw the young lady at the moment would have given her the epithet in its humblest state. Who could have mistaken the flushes of red and white which tinged her lovely cheeks, as she suppressed the agonizing throes of her bosom? yet she had anticipated this day and hour, and was prepared for it, and her spirit felt no depression as she very deliberately proceeded—"With lady Apreuth I have ever been happy; if I changed my situation, the chances of the world, even with the most favourable prospects, give me no similar hope."

His lordship bowed despairingly—he could not speak—it was impossible. She, with heroism, bade him "good-day!" and with a quick, though trembling step, hastened to her chamber.

I cannot stronger describe the feelings of each than by saying, that neither perceived the conflicting pains of the other.

CHAPTER X.

Lord Atheling walked away to the stables, and called for his groom, as if he would mount his horse, and ride away instantly. It was an old remedy that he had tried as a preventative, and he now wished to take it as a cure. But it so happened, that his lordship had come in a postchaise, and had brought no servant with him; and his horses, which he had ordered to follow him, were not yet arrived.

In any case, after a moment's reflection, he would certainly not have gone away in this hasty manner. He now, avoiding the coming in contact with any moving object, took his path across the fields, and

summoning reason and reflection to his aid, they produced one effect—he was enabled to recover a plausible exterior deportment. There is this in an education of pride—it certainly can suppress many an emotion of the heart; indeed, at its best, pride has some of the merit of hypocrisy—it is a species of the homage that vice pays to virtue.

After a hasty and desultory walk of about an hour, lord Atheling felt a wish to see his friend Arthur, and to tell him that all his hopes were flown. He returned, therefore, by the straightest path to the house, and soon met with, and thus addressed him—"Arthur, it is all over! your foster-sister refuses me."

Mr. Arthur gave him the cheering looks of friendship and of doubt.

"No," continued lord Atheling, "her very arguments preclude my perseverance. What I once flattered myself was her increasing love for me has been diminishing, has been centering into a more correct and refined esteem. I use not her words, but

I tell you at once the fact. I am, most truly, my dear friend, grievously disappointed. Though I came here *sans* pride, it was not without some vanity; but I am discomfited at all points, and I deserve it. I shall certainly leave England immediately; and, I believe, I shall go over to India to my relation, lord Loyala. *There* is a wide field open for doing good in a thousand ways. If it were not on my father's account, I should, from my heart, wish that there was some truth in this strange, though ridiculous report, of the late lord Browover being alive, and coming to England."

Mr. Apreuth did not attempt to break in upon these feelings of his disappointment. He had seen, a day or two before, a paragraph in the public paper—"It is reported, by a gentleman just arrived in town, that the late lord Browover, whose death was supposed to be clearly ascertained by the family to have happened in Russia, was banished to Siberia, whence

he made his escape, and will soon be in England."

But neither Mr. Arthur, nor any of the family, thought it worthy a second remark. An escape from Siberia five-and-twenty years ago! and now an arrival in England! Mr. Arthur gave it no attention, but he at length spoke to his friend upon the only subject he thought entitled to any notice.—" Do nothing hastily, my dear lord. Even if the worse becomes true and certain by time, a disappointment in love is neither to a man, to a philosopher, nor to a Christian, an irremediable misfortune. You have no rival. Lucy Chamont is a woman."

" As the Venus de Medicis, always the same. But can I wish to change her determination? She says, she is happy now, but should not be happy perhaps if she were married. In her present station she is loved and respected; she doubts that she should be equally so as my wife. I will not leave you to-day, from the great respect that I have for you all; but to-

morrow I must say farewell. I will meet once more, at your most friendly and most happy board, this more lovely than the statue of Pygmalion."

It was not very polite of his lordship to give vent to his disappointment, by calling the fair object of his love names; but it must be recollected, that Mr. Apreuth was an old school-fellow, and his lordship had been for years accustomed to speak before him the first impression of the thoughts of his heart.

In the meantime, Miss Chamont, who had exerted to the utmost every feeling of heart, mind, and soul, and subdued them, who never in her life had an hysteric fit, found no method, by a sudden burst of her feelings, to recover her usual composure in a little time. A violent headache oppressed her, and therefore she bathed her fair forehead with cold water, applied salts and hartshorn, and the common remedies; while no relief was afforded her.

At length lady Apreuth came to the room.—"My dear child, I have missed you; why do you stay? What is the matter, my love?"

"I wish not to disguise from your ladyship, nor from any of my dear friends, how greatly my feelings are affected by the course of conduct I am compelled to pursue, because I am *obliged* to refuse the addresses of lord Atheling."

"My dear child, explain yourself. Obliged! who—what can *oblige* you?"

"Reason, prudence, *all* my mind, if not *all* my——heart. I cannot, my dear lady, accept them. I wish never to be separated from you."

"Oh, this is childish, Lucy; this borders upon affectation."

Her ladyship paused, and looked up, and beheld the agonizing tears straying from her beloved Lucy's bright eyes. Nature had before refused her this relief; and almost at the same instant, ere her foster-mother had done more than take her

hand, threw her arms round her neck, and spoke a few kind words, the blood gushed forth in a stream from each nostril.

Lady Apreuth, though a very sensible woman, was very much alarmed at a symptom that ought to have removed alarms. She rang the bell violently, brought herself a bason of water and a towel, and with the kindest endearments assisted her.

Mrs. Apreuth, who was in the nursery, upon hearing the bell ring violently, ran down stairs, and the maid-servant was dismissed.

" Pray be under no concern, my lady," said Miss Chamont; " the bleeding is of great service to an excruciating headache, under which I before laboured. I feel my head already much relieved."

But the bleeding continued without any intermission; and Mr. Apreuth, who came to the door, and was informed of it, ordered his servant to saddle a horse, and to go for the family apothecary; but, by the time the man and horse were ready,

the bleeding began to subside, without the parade and trouble of any of the faculty. But Miss Chamont had lost an unusual portion of blood, and, feeling very cold sensations succeeding to the warm ones which preceded the bursting of the blood-vessels, her kind friends insisted upon her going into a warm bed.

The gentlemen were informed of the circumstances, without entering into particulars; and the dreadful meeting at dinner that day did not take place.

Though lord Atheling had resolved to leave the family on the morrow, he was unwilling to depart with the smallest uncertainty concerning Miss Chamont's health. His friend also was very earnest to see, at least, a friendly meeting on the accustomed terms, and his lordship was induced to delay his departure another day.

The next day at dinner, such is the power of fashion, where a little philosophy is added, that the lady and gentleman met without any unpleasant symp-

tom on either side. Conversation flowed with tolerable ease; only Mr. Apreuth and his own good lady were obliged to be the leaders of it, which, though very capable of being, they were not over fond of taking upon themselves, even in their own house.

In the course of the evening, lord Atheling took an opportunity to address the young lady alone.—" May I presume, Miss Chamont, that you will favour me with five minutes conversation upon the former subject before I leave this place to-morrow?"

" You must excuse me, my lord; it can be of no service to either of us. Pray spare me; it will be only increasing my sufferings."

Yet, spite of this forbidding answer, did his lordship rejoin—" Yet, let me be permitted coldly and shortly to state to you in writing my *present* mind, upon all that you have said, and all that I feel."

" No, my lord, I must, though with

the highest respect for you, return any letter you send me, the instant I perceive it is upon that subject."

"Indeed! your cruelty is deliberate, Miss Chamont. Yet will I never part with you in anger. Think upon me sometimes, at least, as I at all times shall upon you, though I must forbear further intrusion on your resolves."

Miss Chamont had written, the very morning that she refused lord Atheling, and before she had seen lady Apreuth, to Mrs. Marsham, as she had promised, if ever such an occurrence took place, to inform her very anxious and hasty friend.

Mrs. Marsham was at her brother sir David's, on the other side the Severn.

On the third day lord Atheling took his leave, to the unwilling sorrow of all his friends, except the resolute refuser of his love; but though not unwilling was her sorrow, it was the most severe to every sense, corporeal and mental.

Lady Apreuth remarked how ill she was.

" I do not pretend, my dear madam, to conceal from you the conflict that has oppressed me. I know I have acted right. Of what consequence can it be, beyond the momentary feeling, to the earl of Browover and his son, that Lucy Chamont is not honoured by the marriage? But, once his wife, no time could obliterate from the family the degrading alliance. There hath been, my dear lady, an age of arguments against the match; are they weakened, because inclination hath more strength? Yet, my ever kind and considerative more than mother, could I, by accepting his lordship's offer, find any plea by which I could benefit him, or his family, every other consideration, which borders upon self, had vanished—I would have forgotten how long our feelings inclined towards each other, while he said that they must never meet—I would have disregarded the contempt of his relations, and the pride of the great world—I would

willingly have offered any sacrifice, encountered every repulsive throe; for, in making him happy, I should have felt the greatest joy to my own heart. But now, 'tis past; every day shewing the impossibility of the alliance, will increase that sensation of brotherly love which we have both felt for each other, and which I have ever felt for every one of your family, yet with greater affection for yourself, whom I never wish to leave."

Lady Apreuth accepted, with kindness, the warm effusions of her young foster-daughter, who proceeded—"Yes, my dear lady, I look forward to the day when I shall see his lordship married to an amiable woman, his equal in birth and rank, as well as in all natural acquirements—when I may converse and play with his children—when, still finding a happier home in your maternal bosom, I shall smile at the remembrance of the womanish feelings of this week, and doubly rejoice, that so early in life I have been convinced that perfect happiness cannot be on earth."

Lady Apreuth could make little reply. The medical gentleman who attended the family had, by a private note from Mrs. Apreuth, called, as if by accident, and inquiring for Miss Chamont, and remarking her appearance of ill health, and feeling her pulse, and having received all necessary information on the subject, had prudently sent her a few febrifuge powders, chronic pills, and antispasmodic draughts, and calling again the second time, had thought proper to take a few ounces of her pure, though ignoble blood.

He now called the third time, and pronounced his patient doing extremely well, after a few more powders and pills, and a little alteration of the other medicines.

Mr. Lenitive had scarcely departed, when Mrs. Marsham, who had set off upon the receipt of Miss Lucy's letter, arrived all alone. Mrs. Marsham's hurry was not passed away with the journey.—"Where's lord Atheling?" said she, as the carriage stopped.

"He left the place, ma'am, three days ago," said Mr. Apreuth's servant.

"Where's Miss Chamont?" continued Mrs. Marsham, walking through the hall.

"Your inquiries, my dear," said lady Apreuth, "cannot be so urgent, as to apply to the servant, before you see if any of your friends are at home."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I hope I see you well," said Mrs. Marsham; "but I have been in a close carriage alone for nearly two days; for my husband was gone a-shooting, and my maid had asked my leave to go to the next town upon an errand, when that sentimental simpleton's letter arrived; and, of course, my dear mother, I could not wait a moment."

"*Your* course," said lady Apreuth, gravely.

"Well, ma'am, I set off immediately, and now I find I am too late to undo all the mischief. Oh, here comes the Miss that knows better than all the whole world besides! What, my girl, are you mad?"

Mrs. Apreuth hastily shut the door.

Mrs. Masham continued—"Why, child, what can you say for yourself? You know that you always loved him! Will you ruin your own happiness and his, for I know not what of pride, conceit, and affectation?"

"I cannot say a severer thing to you, Mrs. Marsham," said Miss Chamont, with great firmness, "than that I expected this."

"You did! Oh, then you *can* see your folly, though you are too stubborn to rectify it? Mercy me! what an abuse of reason, and of sense, and of principle, and of love!"

"This is your friendship, Mrs. Marsham," replied Miss Chamont. "Am not I a better judge of the *whole* of my feelings than yourself?"

"Yes, child; yes, to be sure! No, no, no, I say; for it is your vanity blinds your mind. You allow reason, reflection, prudence, judgment, to none but yourself. Lord Atheling did not offer himself

sooner; hence your proud feelings. Lord Atheling honestly waited till every obstacle was removed, and thus you reward his care and conscientious dealing."

"You are a cruel woman!" said Miss Chamont.

"Oh, cruel! cruel! am I? I wish my cruelty in words could have prevented your cruelty in action. Cruel!" again exclaimed Mrs. Marsham, letting loose her passion beyond all bounds. "It is you, you revengeful little hussey, that have planted a dagger in the breast of every one of this family!"

Miss Chamont indignantly turned away, as lady Apreuth spoke—"Mrs. Marsham, if you have your senses, leave immediately the room, and go to your chamber, till you can conduct yourself with reason, and with respect."

"Indeed, mamma," said Mrs. Marsham, a little recovering, "that—lady has almost deprived me of them. I beg your pardon, dear mamma! I beg all your pardons, but that—girl's—who does not

deserve a name. I will say, I could beat her with pleasure, even if I was sure that she would beat me again, as you all know she once did."

They all smiled at the remembrance of a ridiculous scene which had formerly occurred, when Lucy Chamont was only twelve years, and Mrs. Marsham, in a violent passion, had thought proper to strike her, though not with impunity from our equally-spirited heroine.

"At least, ma'am, I know better now," said Miss Chamont; "and though your words lose their effect by their violence, I would rather have your blows."

"I do believe you despise me, you chit!"

"I should be sorry that you created, Mrs. Marsham, such a sentiment; but, in truth, I have that kind of feeling for you that you ought to have had for me—I pity you."

"What then, I am come all the way from my dear sir David's, in Wales, without my own husband, or my servants, to

scold, and to condole with you, and I am to be treated with your *pity!*"

This violent anger was now really assuming a burlesque form, when Mr. Apreuth, who had often taken an opportunity of calming his too-irritable sister, by some play upon words, not at all congenial to his accustomed steady manner, and therefore more effective, as producing the greater contrast, going up to her affectionately, and taking her hands, said—"It is a pity, my dear sister, but you should; therefore, for my sake, as I am the only gentleman present, and your spirited example can do me, a meek and patient parson, no good, hear a few words from Lucy before you proceed any further."

"That I did not dislike his lordship," said Miss Chamont, speaking at once, when she perceived that Mr. Arthur Apreuth desired her, "I never would have denied to you, Mrs. Marsham, or to him, or to any one who could have asked the question. Was I, therefore, to be the watchful love-sick maid, waiting for the

opportunity of accepting his love? or do you think, if superior motives towards him and himself had not influenced my mind, I would have refused such a man as my lord Atheling? Yet, great and good as he is, I believed, and still believe, it to be my duty, Mrs. Marsham, to refuse even him."

"Can you ever expect to have again, young woman," said Mrs. Marsham, recovering some temper, and trying to keep it by assumed consequence, "so desirable an offer?"

"Never, ma'am," replied Miss Chamont, keeping the distance at which Mrs. Marsham had attempted to place her; "yet I did not think that this desirable marriage was to be accepted, in defiance of every other consideration. I did not wish to be, ma'am, what is called mine own mistress. I did not wish to take precedence before Mrs. Marsham. I am happy, very happy, under the control of your most excellent mother. No, Mrs. Marsham, I do not pretend to be like you; but

had *I* possessed your station and advantages in life, had *I* owned an humble friend, dependent, fatherless, and had she acted contrary to my wishes for her own worldly fortune and happiness, I might have flown as you have; but it would have been to have pitied, not insulted, those errors of her understanding, which, while they disappointed the sanguine expectations of her friends, could not fail to disturb her own peace of mind, and to leave the barbed pang in her heart."

Having thus spoken, Miss Chamont prepared to leave the room; but Mrs. Marsham sprang up, rushed to the door before her, caught her in her arms, and in all the paroxysm of contrition, with audible sobs, and abundance of tears, entreated her pardon and oblivion.

The first was as readily granted, but the latter, Mrs. Marsham herself was the last person in the room that would have suffered it to take place.

CHAPTER XI.



Lord Atheling, when he left Mr. Apreuth's parsonage, proceeded leisurely to Bath. It appeared the most disagreeable, frivolous, and uninteresting place he was ever at in his life. He called on nobody. He avoided seeing any body.

The next morning, he set off to the most convenient and agreeable receptacle for all the wants and disappointments of life—the metropolis. The day after his arrival, he resolved to call in person at the news-office, to investigate the strange paragraph that had appeared in the papers. To his inquiries, he received the information, that a person who was employed to furnish news for the paper, had, in a certain coffee-house, been addressed by a gentleman—"Sir, you are in search of news. I'll give you some," and imme-

diately he gave him the strange intelligence, that the late lord Browover was yet alive, and would soon make his public appearance in England. The person who had addressed him, as soon as he had spoken, left the room. He inquired of the waiter who the gentleman was. The waiter could only inform him, that the stranger had arrived the preceding night, and was now departed in a chaise on the northern road. He was an elderly man, of a small person, but of a very mild and commanding aspect, and his very appearance indicated a gentleman of rank, manners, and respectability.

Lord Atheling walked to the coffee-house, but he could get no further intelligence, except that the gentleman knew the coffee-house, and spoke of a former landlord, who had been dead thirty years, though he himself was not known by any of the family.

It was rather remarkable, considering his years, and dignified appearance, that he came in a hired chaise, went away in

the same kind of vehicle, and had not a single servant to attend him.

When his lordship returned to his father's house, he found Mr. Billsley had called, and finding that he was in town, promised to call again at the dinner-hour. He came, and shewed him a letter that he had received from his father, upon the individual business that had occupied his morning.

Mr. Billsley had returned the earl the same information as his son had obtained.

Since Mr. Billsley's first call, a second letter had arrived from the earl, wishing to see him directly upon particular business.

"I shall be off, my lord," said Billsley, "very early, by one of the coaches to-morrow."

"Wait for me till the middle of the day, and I'll go with you," said lord Atheling; "for I wish to see my father once more. I mean to see him again before I go abroad."

"Go abroad, my dear lord! I thought

that you had left off going abroad, and was going to *settle* at home."

The word *settle* was used with such an emphasis, that lord Atheling perceived, that not only the secret of his heart, but of his intention, was, by some means, come to the knowledge of Mr. Billsley.

"No, sir," said lord Atheling, "if my friends understood that I was fool enough to build such visionary mansions, they might have conjectured that a light wind might easily overthrow them."

"My lord," said Billsley, "honoured as I am by the name of your friend, and as a friend the earl himself does not disdain to call me, I had a hint given me, which, not only for your sake, but that of others, also dear me, induced me to form the idea that you intended——but if cool deliberate thought tells you, that grandeur and greatness, and their accompaniments, are the most desirable things of this life——"

"My good friend," said lord Atheling, impatiently, "deliberate thought tells me no such thing; and as for the vanity of

grand and great things, I know them as well as you; and I believe a great deal better do I know their vexation of spirit. But I beg your pardon; I am talking in a foolish strain, when, in my mind, I was accusing you of the same. One word of sense is worth a twelve-hours' speech—Miss Lucy Chamont will not accept my addresses."

Mr. Billsley looked up at lord Atheling in amazement and incredulity.

"Your young friend," continued his lordship, "will not accept my addresses. After a two-hours' hearing me, with the whole history of my *long* attachment, I may almost say *hers*, after hearing all my arguments, and rebuffing them, she, from first to last, decided against me, and left me no hope."

"Thus woman is a contradiction still!" exclaimed Mr. Billsley. "It is impossible to judge any woman by her appearance!—it is impossible to judge her by her manner, her habits—by her principles (if she

has any—by her opinions, however freely she may vent them—ay, most impossible to judge her by her former conduct. Why, my lord, a friend of mine made a woman (a widow too) an offer six times, and she married him at last. Five cool and deliberate offers were refused positively, and then she had him; and, upon my soul, my lord, it is true, she is a very good wife. Miss Monson, my lord, the great heiress, was addressed by a rich baronet and an earl. She would not dance with Mr. James Sinclair, because he was not a man of family and fortune, because (as I heard her say myself) he had not one recommendation. That day week, my lord, she went off to Gretna Green with this very Mr. James Sinclair, on the very morning that the lord and baronet were a-going to fight a duel about her. I could tell your lordship a hundred stories as inconsistent——But there is not one of the sex that deserves ——"

"I have not a word to say against Miss Chamont," said his lordship; "spare the

sex still for her sake, and hear me, my friend. I cannot bear to stay with my father; I hate to see all my old acquaintance—I ought to be ashamed to see any of you, because for years have I been upon the verge of all that man can wish, and never had that upright mind and decided resolution as to grasp at it, till the shadow only remained. I now look upon the prudence and caution of my friends as folly—I look upon mine own irresolution as yet greater. Thus, thinking of you all, and angry enough, as you see," trying, as he spoke, to treat the subject jokingly, "I am determined to live alone, till I can get a right understanding with myself, and am become reconciled with my friends. Now, if you please, not one word more upon the subject, until I shall beg the favour of you to tell the event to the earl; yet, though I speak lightly, my heart bleeds."

He grasped Mr. Billsley's hand as he spoke. They soon parted for the evening.

CHAPTER XII.



LORD Atheling was up, and out early, to settle some affairs before he set off with Mr. Billsley to Castlerock; but, eager as he was to meet his father, and take the long farewell, he was delayed a day longer in town by a case of humanity, which, in justice to doctor Wardine, must be noticed, the frivolity of whose character, we have lately seen, began to dissipate, and his good sense, and his excellent abilities, to take the lead—thanks to two of his friends, Mr. Bereton and his wife.

The first had ridiculed, exposed, and, upon some serious remonstrance from the honourable and reverend divine, reasoned him in a great degree out of his vanity and opiniativeness; and the second, proving a most amiable and sensible woman, became primarily a ballast to his actions, and ulti-

mately to his opinions; and now, when he praised the goodness of his wife to the barrister, Bereton was ever ready fully to allow it, though not at the expence of the lady who had refused him. But the doctor talked of that affair in a very different strain at present, and honestly confessed his former folly; though Miss Chamont was still irrevocably the goddess of chastity, the queen of the Amazons, and Sancta Lucia.

Lord Atheling was hastily passing along the street, when a chaise and four drove furiously along. Suddenly a voice cried out to the postboys to stop. Then—"My lord Atheling!" His lordship paused, and looked to the carriage.

Doctor Sidney Wardine appeared—"My dear lord, you can assist me in a work of glorious mercy, as you personally are acquainted with the secretary of state. Will you step into this carriage, and accompany me? Perhaps you can tell me where immediately to find him."

Lord Atheling, without a demur, got into the carriage, and ordered the boys

very different road from the one they were at the time pursuing; he hastily wrote a few lines in pencil for Mr. Billsley, and put them in a twopenny post-office as they drove along. He then turned to the reverend doctor for a solution of his conduct.

"I think it my duty, as a magistrate," began the dean, "to inspect the prisons in the county; and when any thing particular occurs, to examine the prisoners. I have, by an investigation of this kind, reason to suppose, that two men, now under sentence of execution, in the space of two days, have unjustly had their lives sworn away for the sake of the reward. I took a chaise and four, therefore, immediately, and, the judge being at present at the extremity of the kingdom, I could not run the risk of his approval, but set off at once to apply to the secretary of state for a reprieve, while the case is undergoing a further investigation: luckily seeing you, and too well knowing that the secretary has had some reason to consider me as an impetuous and inconsiderate man, I thought

you would be an excellent person to vouch for my reform, and to second my politics."

Not a moment did the mind of lord Atheling demur to assist in the good work. He found the doctor had formed suspicions upon very rational foundations; and he went through the whole case, and was complete master of the subject in a little time. Doctor Wardine soon turned the conversation towards a point, from which the mind of lord Atheling always returned, after every forced aberration, Bath, the Apreuth family, and then dwelt upon the object of attraction there. His lordship found that the doctor was resolved to consider him as a lover.—"You have before now said to me, Atheling," continued doctor Wardine, "that not a word or action of your life, as a lover, was ever addressed, directly or indirectly, to, or concerning, this bewitching lady, of low birth, high blood, and inexpressible beauty and accomplishments. You don't go so far at present?"

" I wish, Wardine, totally to avoid the subject."

" My dear lord, upon my word and honour, I would not intrude, as I know I do, the conversation, but from my respect and friendship for you. I have studied this charming little sorceress's character; she is the most consistent creature on the face of the whole earth; she is more aware of her own advantages and disadvantages than the very wisest of our sex. Disappointed in love, in despair I rushed upon the pinnacle of ambition! Thank God! I do from my heart, my dear lord, say so!—Thank God! I was not hurled headlong down again, but have met with the most amiable and excellent of wives. My ambitious career is passed; I am courting no ruling powers—I am as fixed as ever Tucker was at Gloster, or Watson at Landaff; nor do I wish to go any further—I begin to feel the blessings of independence and conscious rectitude. But I am getting into my old strain of egotism; you know that I always was an egotist; it is a strain, I

fear, that I shall never thoroughly get out of; but I hope to chant to a better tune. I was speaking of that wonder of wonders, Lucy Chamont. You may rely upon it, my lord, she will never marry——"

"So I think," his lordship could not help ejaculating as the other proceeded.

"Therefore I mean to caution your lordship, if you have one single feeling towards her good grace (for I know you *had*) in your heart; she will never marry, unless she could realize the fables of antiquity, and the fancies and follies and impositions of modernism—(Oh! by-the-bye, my lord, I will tell you a curious story of a man that I met with abroad, as we return, for I see we are near the secretary's); she will never marry till she become a female Prometheus—till she has made and animated a helpmate, according to all the ideas of perfectibility which have been, from the commencement of her education, treasured in her brain."

They now arrived at the house where

lord Atheling knew that the secretary of state was on a temporary visit. He received them with his usual urbanity and politeness, heard the whole with the utmost patience and reflection, and ultimately agreed to their request. The men were reprieved, the case was investigated, and, to the satisfaction of all the parties (except the thief-takers), the innocence of the men completely established, and a full pardon graciously bestowed by the regent.

On the return of lord Atheling and doctor Wardine, the divine entered upon the story that his Promethean remark concerning Miss Chamont had started up in his mind. He said—" When I was in Italy, I met with a remarkably tall, sallow-looking fellow, the whole of whose appearance, indeed, induced me to make inquiries about him; and at length I found, from a very intelligent native, that he was the very person who had planned, and so successfully carried into execution, the Promethean trick upon some of our English and German illuminati."

" I don't yet understand you, doctor Wardine," said lord Atheling.

" You have read the 'Adventures of Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus," continued the doctor; " because the work was written by a lady; but ladies don't invent such pretty things. I wont deny that a lady's handwriting sent the manuscript to the bookseller, but the illuminati were more fools than knaves in the business. So, my lord, this man is now living on the profits of his wits, highly esteemed by most of the dignified characters of the Romish church, who applauded his ingenuity in thus exposing the false philosophy and affected science of infidelity."

" You must begin your story, doctor Wardine, for I am still at a loss."

" I will, my lord, as I had the story from the man himself.

" At the age of sixteen, some strolling players discovered me in my native village, about six miles from Rome; and as I was remarkably tall, tempted me to go about with them for a show. Here I learn-

ed a knowledge of the world, and of character. Afterwards I travelled with a mountebank, and with a showman of wild beasts, and I got a smattering of the French and German languages, till one day at Ingolstadt, being out of employment, a man, who had known me when I was with the mountebank, came and asked me, if I was inclined to make my fortune? Of course I assented.'—' My master, Mr. Frankenstein,' said he, ' is a great philosopher.'—'Why your master is an English lord,' said I.—'Pho! pho!' continued he, ' that's his philosophical name. Well, he has been trying for some years to make a man. He has attended all the German universities, and cut to pieces, I can't say how many bodies, in hope at last to make a new man; and now he has formed a figure, and, by means of Galvanic batteries, and electricity, and the air-pump, and animal magnetism by the hour, and I don't know what else, thinks to give it life. The figure has been clothed some time; and one day some mice got at some bread and cheese, which my mas-

ter had left in the pockets, and he, perceiving there was motion as he entered the room, thought the monster was come to life before its time, and ran down stairs frightened out of his wits. It was some hours before he ventured to send me to see if every thing was right. If something is not speedily done, there will be life enough very soon in the house, and we shall be all poisoned. To-night, as soon as he is asleep, the figure goes into the river that runs under the window, and, if you'll come in the morning, in the place of it, I'll bring you clothes of the same colour and fashion, and substitute you in the place. Then, as his son, I am sure you may frighten him out of what monies you want, of which you can have no objection to give me a share.'

"I argued upon the improbability of deceit, and the danger of detection.

'There is not the least danger,' said he. 'Out of his studies he is such a fool, that if he once sees you start up in the place where he has placed the figure, he will never

know the difference; he will attribute all changes to the mere action of life, and your height will sufficiently satisfy him; only to make sure of him, that he may not pry too close, give him a confounding box on the ear, as the first proof of motion.' And an admirable good blow did I give him, which always gave him a high respect for me; and most completely the whole of the scheme succeeded, as the book tells you, sir. Milord Mr. Frankenstein was fully convinced; and all the philosophers and philosophesses, English and German, believed every word that he had uttered.' —'But how came you,' said I, 'to act with the cruelty that he describes?'— 'There is not one word of truth, sir,' said the man, 'in those things; they are his philosophical conceits, in what he calls his symbolical language. My object, sir, was to get money from him; and sometimes I coaxed him, and sometimes threatened, and sometimes complained of the birth which he had driven me. As for the meetings in woods and wildernesses, they

were all in his own laboratory; and as for the journies round the north pole, they all took place, in a very cold winter, in his bed-room, as, after two interviews with him, he sat up in bed and composed the whole.' —'But the father, and brothers, and Henry Clerval, and Elizabeth, and Justine Moritz, and the captain, and crew?' —'Not quite ideal personages, but suppo-sititious characters, sketched from real life. Elizabeth was a kind lady, that would, if she could, have been a wife, but I exposed her character, murdered her fame, and she was contented to be a mistress; and the like of Henry Clerval and the rest. At last, sir, having gained a certain sum of money, under promise of releasing him from all his troubles, I told him of the whole deception. Thus Henry Clerval, the faithful valet, was intellectually destroyed; and I also, to use his only language, became dead to him, and he to me. So now, upon new terms and names, he, and the ladies, and the rest, being all dead and departed, are living again in all the

elegance of a new and superior kind of matrimony, and virtue, and wisdom. The lady Elizabeth, like a chrysolite, throws off her old skin, and comes forward adorned with all the rights of another, in a matronly character. I had almost forgot, sir, to say, that Mr. Walton himself was a thick-headed (I beg your pardon, sir) Englishman, who brought the work over to England, and introduced it with these trumpery letters."

Doctor Wardine having finished his tale, set lord Atheling down at the earl's mansion, and proceeded on to finish his work of mercy.

Lord Atheling found Mr. Billsley waiting for him, and they resolved to proceed on their journey the next morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was nigh the middle of the day on a delightful spring morning, when the earl of Browover, who was alone, at his favourite residence at Castlerock, perceived a person at some distance looking towards his noble mansion. The earl soon afterwards walked out into the park, and observing the same person seated under a decayed elm which had lately been felled, he took a walk that led him towards the spot.

Great was lord Browover's surprise when he approached near enough to notice an aged stranger, who appeared, from some cause, in deep affliction, and plentifully shedding tears. The earl came near to him, and politely asked if he was unwell, and if it would be agreeable to him

to walk into the house, and take some refreshment?

"First, my lord," said the gentleman, "let me inform you that the appearance of great grief, in which you find me, solely and suddenly originates from many conflicting sensations with which recollection has overpowered my mind. This place, though strange, is not new to me, neither is your own person, as you must perceive. I accept your courtesy, and will walk into the house, and there more fully address you."

The gentleman arose, and for the present studiously avoided any further converse.

The earl's mind referred to, and dwelt upon, the paragraph that had appeared in the papers, concerning which Mr. Billsley had sent him an account from town two days before. They both entered the library: the earl ordered refreshments.

"Wait," said the strange gentleman to the servant, "till your master rings."

The man looked at the earl, who gave him a look of obedience, and retired.

"You respect, sir, the memory of the

old earl," said the unknown, beginning the conversation, and pointing to the former earl's picture over the mantlepiece, "and you have seen the paragraph in the newspapers. I wish not to keep you in suspense, sir Clement:—look at me."

The earl trembled exceedingly—"Who, sir—what, sir, are you? What do you insinuate?"

"Nothing against your worth, or your honour, or your happiness. If the old earl lives, it is as the friend of sir Clement and his friends. If the old earl lives, that whirlpool of a Chancery suit for the great Suffolk estate is destroyed—if the old earl lives, he may teach you a lesson, sir Clement, that few of the earls of Browover have ever learnt, and the want of which yourself and son have experienced—that personal honour is superior to family pride."

"That, sir, is not wanting to my learning: but, sir, come to the point. What do you mean?"

"Have you not yet recollected me, my kinsman? my noble, good, and, spite of

all thy faults, my most worthy and ever-beloved kinsman!"

The earl of Browover staggered to a chair; the old earl caught him by one hand, and with the other rang the bell.

"Bring your lord a glass of water," said the stranger.

It was brought immediately. Sir Clement drank it, and motioned to the servant to retire. Then, grasping the hand of his guest in both of his own, he spoke —"I acknowledge you, sir, my kinsman, the late, the present, the only earl of Browover; and I thank the great God of salvation that you are yet alive, not cut off in the midst of your follies and your sins. With this hope from my heart, I willingly resign to you the honours, titles, and estates of Browover."

"Ah, sir Clement!" warmly spake the old earl, and returned his pressure, "these indeed are the dictates of a voice superior to pride! Yet, how comes this mental change? I left you almost as much blinded to the humble beauties of Christianity

—from worldly consequence and advantages, as I was from actual vanity, dissipation, and vice. I have since and lately heard of you as unwilling to sacrifice—— but I forbear a while, till we are both of us more calm, to speak upon a subject near my heart, from the knowledge of the noblest virtues. For the present, let me give you yet further proofs of my identity, than it is possible for the mutilated frame of a very aged man to recal to your recollection full youth and vigour and strength, and perhaps then some manly beauty, though now the whole is withered, decayed, and blighted by the jealousy of an inhuman tyrant, more than even by old age."

"Yet the same," said sir Clement, affectionately, "I can plainly trace; the stories that were secretly whispered of the emperor's cruelty, alas! then were true? But how were you able, my dear lord, to escape with your life?"

"When I was recovered from his barbarity, he sent me to Siberia: the emperor

himself soon afterwards fell. My immoral and dissipated life had left me few real friends. I was now abashed and ashamed of myself; I could not bear the sight of an individual that had known me in health, spirits, prosperity, and gallant manhood—I wished to avoid all mine acquaintance—I invented and gave credibility to the account of my death—I transferred all my personal property in different banks in Europe, to the fictitious name that I assumed. This was bestowed in the regular form of a will; to this I administered, and took possession, and then changed the money into the English funds. The account and the proofs of my death, which you received from the British ambassador, were all arranged and sent by myself, or by my particular intelligence to others. When these things were settled, I travelled through France and Italy; I remained some time in a monastery; then I travelled with a worthy missionary, till, in a few years, tired with foreign scenes, under another new name I came to England."

The old earl went cursorily through his history, and left not the possibility of a doubt on sir Clement's mind of his identity—"I know every room, every picture almost in this house—ay, almost every oak in the forest. I can give you the history of the very elm on which I sat, which, when you were a boy, and I a wild young man, I well remember tempting you to mount in search of an old crow's nest."

Sir Clement smiled at the anecdote, and the old gentleman, with somewhat of the garrulity of age, gave him further particulars of his history.

"Now, sir Clement," said the earl, "some refreshments if you please; then introduce me to the servants as I am, for I must be publicly known; for that purpose have I revealed myself."

It is needless to relate the astonishment of the whole household, the cautious manner in which the mystery was unfolded to lady, now Atheling, and her fair unladied daughters. Great care was taken to let them all know that eight thousand pounds a-year

would eventually accrue to the family by the public discovery that the earl was yet alive—"Yet," proceeded the old gentleman, "I have great doubts if this certain advantage would have determined me to have adopted the present measure, and to have encountered royals, highnesses, and graces, and all honourables, and the scrutiny, obloquy, and satire of all ranks, and stations, and sexes; but there is a subject I have far more at heart."

To the great surprise of sir Clement, he now entered into a detail of his son's attachment, irresolute as he called it, to Miss Chamont; but it appeared that the old gentleman, however he became acquainted with particulars, knew none of the latter part of Mr. Atheling's conduct, nor did the father at the moment know of the ill success of the son.

It was on the third day that that son arrived with Mr. Billsley from town, to hear the confirmation of the mysterious report, but not to see the old earl, who had departed in the morning of the same

day upon urgent business into Scotland, on the borders of which he was to meet a legal gentleman of very great eminence, who had particular knowledge of the Suffolk business.

It was contrary to every principle of human nature, that the *ci-devant* earl should feel the disappointment of his son, like a father who had personally known the worth of her whom his son had lost, or who had looked forward to fortune, high alliance, or political advantage from the connexion; yet the earl's heart *was* changed; he *did* feel for his son, while Mr. Atheling studiously avoided the subject.

Again, in a yet more serious light than his father did Mr. Atheling consider the return to life of the old earl, and though he abhorred the principles of sir Mercer Havar, who disputed sir Clement's right, for want of a signature of the old earl's, he found no consolation from the settlement of the lawsuit, and he could perceive no clue

or connexion of the old earl's to a knowledge, and an anxious knowledge it appeared, of Miss Chamont, and an eager interference in her fate.

"Surely," thought Mr. Atheling to himself, "this venerable relative has been making inquiries into the family affairs, and, from his own sufferings and fatal prejudices, and the imbecility of age, conceives himself entitled to regulate the concerns of every individual in the family;" and he thus opened his mind to sir Clement:—"His interest, my dear father, in my alliance with Miss Chamont, I cannot divine; and if I could divine, it would be now futile. If he were to prove even her father—grandfather I ought to say, considering the period of the report of his death and his age—can I suppose such a knowledge would influence her, when the favourable notice of all the Apreuth family towards me has been in vain? and further, if he could influence her, I not only would not accept the influence, but it would disparage that almost all-perfect woman in

my opinion; for, if individually I failed to succeed, I will not owe my success to another. Every thing we have had, my dear father, except our patrimony, is now dependent on a stranger—a stranger of whom I can understand enough from you, that he has no favourable opinion of me, and whose information of my affairs must come from very imperfect sources. My stifled passion, my dear sir, I own undermined my health; my disappointment, great as it is, for I do not wish, for her worth's sake, to conceal how great it is, has restored me to myself. I feel, and you must perceive, my dear father, that my usual health and strength are returned; but if I am to experience constant mental fluctuations here, they will not remain."

Hence he opened his intentions as to going to India, and for some days, till his father had given a reluctant consent, argued upon the expediency, declaring that he had determined to surrender the very handsome property which his father had

made over to him, and that he would not accept an income of the old earl, even if he was disposed to give it; but that his honour, his independence, his youth, spirits, and abilities, demanded of him that he should join his great and noble kinsman in the East; and to soften the whole, he spoke also to his father of flattering hopes of returning home with that gallant relative.

Mr. Billsley, upon fully considering the subject, was disposed to second the arguments of Mr. Atheling; and Mr. Gwyllwes, who was become a very particular intimate with sir Clement, was so highly pleased with the independence, patriotism, and liberal spirit of Mr. Atheling, that the objections of the whole of the family died away.

The rather-sudden preparation of a very eligible vessel, commanded by an officer well known to Mr. Atheling, had hastened his determination sooner than the father had supposed, or the son had hoped. Mr. Atheling wished to avoid a meeting

with the old earl, who was soon expected from Scotland; he therefore took leave of his family, and went directly to Falmouth, to prepare for the voyage; there engaging a lodging, he paid a short visit to town, to get some books and necessaries ready; but quickly returned to Falmouth, waiting impatiently.

Mr. Billsley had been but an indifferent spectator of these things, and, his own business having called him from the parties, he had promised to meet Mr. Atheling at Falmouth. From Falmouth he had since arrived at Bath, on purpose to deliver to Miss Chamont a letter from Mr. Atheling.

His friend Bereton, in the meantime, was professionally and busily engaged in another part of the kingdom, though he had contrived to give his friend Atheling a meeting for the few days he was in town. In vain had he offered an argument of delay and patience; and he had written to sir David and Mr. Apreuth, and received their answers, which proved that all inter-

ference between the parties was alike in vain.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Apreuth family were now returned to lady Apreuth's house at Bath; Mr. Arthur and his wife joined them the following day. They had scarcely received and paid the usual ceremonial visits, when lady Apreuth and her daughters, Mrs. Marsham and Mrs. Arthur Apreuth, and Mr. Apreuth and Mr. Marsham, went to lady Macquarrie's concert; but the headache of Miss Chamont still persecuted her, and she declined accompanying them. General Maurice also was absent on a visit out of Bath.

Miss Lucy was seated alone in the drawing-room, when Mr. Billsley was announced. After general inquiries and

awkward apologies on his part, that he had very particular and urgent business concerning some property of the duke of ——, which impelled him to leave Bath early in the morning, and after putting down his hat, as if he wished to make some stay, and taking it up again the next minute, pulling on and putting off his gloves, he rose abruptly to go away, and then turning round, entered upon the very business that he came most anxious to unfold—"May I venture to speak to you of lord Atheling? May I express my sorrow—my surprise—what possibly could induce you so to act?"

Calmly Miss Chamont heard him—"It gives ease to my mind, sir, clearly to tell the motives of my conduct. There are but few people whom I think it worth telling them to: even your cousin, the sensible Miss Ffloyd, cannot bear the detail. To my friend, Mr. Bereton, I have given a very concise written answer; to you, another valued friend, I have no ob-

jection to speak; yet, sir, hear me patiently."

He threw his gloves into his hat, and his hat to the further end of the room, and seated himself near the table.

"Mr. Billsley, with all your good sense, you are an hasty, impetuous, too-irritable man; therefore interrupt me not; command your temper, for my own has been too often—too cruelly harassed for me to bear the effusion of passion, instead of those of reason, or, sir, I shall leave the room immediately, and will not return to you."

"Why, here now, Miss Chamont, have I considered you as the most mild, most patient, most passionless—pardon me!—of all human creatures, and *you* threaten *me;* but I have done: from this moment I change characters with you."

He paused absolutely with apprehension, and his mind was completely fixed to a deliberate and mild temperature.

Miss Chamont proceeded. She honestly confessed her feelings, but declared that they should not influence her actions

against what she believed was right. She pointed out the character of lord Browover (Mr. Billsley could not help saying —" Indeed he is as worthy a man as his son—ay, and as reformed a man too"), his conduct, and that of his son; she adduced, as an effort on their parts, a difficult effort of a sacrifice to pride. She considered it as the greatest generosity towards herself, to which, on her part, it would be the height of impropriety and weakness to accede. She then declared that she had no doubt of the permanency of lord Atheling's love for her, but she greatly doubted if it could compensate for a perpetuity of disappointment on the most serious points of ambition. She went over every ground for her rejection that she had stated to lord Atheling, and desired Mr. Billsley to consider himself a man of rank, fashion, and consequence, living among the great, and wishing, in every respect, to keep up his own greatness.

Mr. Billsley twisted about in his chair,

in a most uneasy and uncomfortable way, and did say—"That is impossible, ma'am."

But Miss Chamont added—"With the same heart and mind and soul that you now strive and wish to preserve your character for honour and honesty, consider birth and station; then, sir, you may pretend to form some opinion of what others feel for legitimate claims and hereditary distinctions."

Mr. Billsley sat quiet, when Miss Chamont began to prosecute the subject, by shewing how much stronger her réasons for rejecting lord Atheling would every day become, and how much weaker all those for accepting him must necessarily be, when Mr. Billsley broke in on her discourse—"Excuse my interrupting you, for, ma'am, your very ingenious arguments are already lost. Your very considerate conduct has by no means insured these hopes of happiness to his lordship from permanent prospects of greatness; he is disappointed, if he did entertain them, for the present; and he has taken care that they which have so

long crossed (of course, I mean his high relatives) his dearest hopes, shall never molest his future fortunes."

"What do you mean, Mr. Billsley?"

"That the vague, incredible stories that the old lord Browover was alive, are true; and that lord, now Mr. Atheling, has taken a final leave of his father, (for from his father's age, there is no probability of their meeting again,) has engaged a passage to the East Indies (lord Loyala, you know, is his kinsman,) and probably within twenty-four hours will be under sail."

Miss Chamont started up, and clasped her hands together—"Is he flying as an alien from his native shore? Is he leaving every dear connexion and beloved friend? This is incredible, sir: the title and fortune are but delayed; they must revert to him."

"It cannot be denied by his friends that he has other stronger motives for leaving England: this is but the excuse for the world. He was going to Italy be-

fore the knowledge of the existence of old lord Browover was ascertained."

"He hates me!" exclaimed the young lady.

"I fear, ma'am, you never will create that sentiment in his breast: but I have a letter that can best explain his feelings, if now the forbiddance of writing to you may be revoked; and in hopes you would not refuse it, I have travelled sixty miles out of my road to see you this evening."

Miss Chamont took the letter, and was leaving the room—"Will you wait till I have read it?" but recovering herself, added—"Sir, I will read it here." She read—

"MY DEAR, EVER-DEAR MISS CHAMONT,

"I am well assured that the prohibition to address you did not originate from prudery, or conceit, or caprice, and that the information of my worthy friend, who delivers this, will remove the cause. I feel confident that you will accept my farewell wishes, and bless me with

yours on my way. With these fond hopes I sail, and the idea that your kind thoughts and prayers accompany me wherever I go, shall not only cheer me in my voyage, but be in every clime and station bound to my glowing heart. The motives which induced you to refuse me, I own, were most noble and just; and though my selfish feelings opposed them at the time, I am, by imperious circumstances, constrained to say, that for both our sakes, I think it was a fortunate result; for situated as I now am, I would not, with greater hopes than I have ever dared entertain, attempt at present to interest you in my favour. I confess also that my own conduct has not, by any means, been correct, open, and decisive, according to my feelings; yet pardon me when I add, that this irresolution was not unmixed with reference to your situation, your feelings, and that devoted respect, which you will do me the justice to own, I never violated towards you: but I cannot acquit myself that I did not sooner resolve right,

for I never shall repent of the offer, though I have failed in offering myself to you; for I know you judged my heart, and saw it ever yours, yet too much influenced by the prejudices of pride honestly to yield. No wonder then that you doubted its stability, when your virtues having overcome every opposition, you at length had compelled it to surrender; no wonder that you considered it unwilling to be conquered, and therefore you were unwilling to take the command of it. You see, my ever-dear Miss Chamont, I presume to divine your motives, and even your thoughts, and, I own, your justice. Am I wrong, if I further dare to fancy to my heart, that you *did*—that you long ago *did* esteem me; but that while I, wrapt up in prudence and reflection, ungracious and ungrateful, delayed to make a candid and honest return, your good sense and judgment recalled this transient feeling from its unworthy object. Again I stand self-convicted. The blame of my failure rests on myself. Whatever my prejudices of

birth, education, habit, and interest were, I ought to have been ruled by reason alone, and deliberated only between actual good and evil. I sacrificed to the world, and my offerings have produced the natural result. Farewell! ever-dear, deservedly-dear Miss Chamont, farewell! Every earthly blessing attend you, as a foretaste of immortal joys. I do not think you will ever change your station here; I am presumptuous enough almost to hope that you will not; and if I ever return from this eastern pilgrimage, and you will permit the friend of your youth to live within the sphere of your social attractions, where he may daily hear of, and see, and converse with you, as he has, seeing and conversing with you, passed the happiest moments of his life, you will raise to perfection that idea, never absent from his mind, of a blissful, holy, and eternal union, and you will thus soften, and in the best manner prepare for this, his declining days.

"F. Atheling."

CHAPTER XV.

At the end of the last chapter, according to modern taste and example, the curtain of the drama excludes my characters from further view; and the great poetic mind, "in a high frenzy rolling," dwells upon my heroine, standing with Mr. Atheling's farewell letter in her hand, and Mr. Billsley sitting at a proper distance, not forgetting his hat, at the further end of the room; and, as it is a very easy thing to conceive a window in that room, through the window, maugre night and space, is seen the ship sailing to India with Mr. Atheling, who is waving his white handkerchief, and taking a last look of the British shores.

Now, as all mental feelings, and all consequences, are left to the imagination of the enrapt reader, how far superior must

every one's own cogitations be to any further description of the author's! As for the other characters of a novel than the hero and heroine, they are ever below a moment's consideration from the veritable novelleger—they are the hecatomb, which is to be sacrificed to the manes of the demigod or demi-goddess.

Here then this history takes its leave of the sons and daughters of the modern poetic *gôut*, whether of the German drama, of the English poesy, or of the Anglo-German novel, with all the illuminati; it is not that the thing be well done—it must be (according to, not their ideas and feelings, but principles) rightly done. At ——'s table, we know all the dishes are seasoned according to the fashion—i. e. if you find yourself overpeppered or salted, it is the fashion; if there be no pepper or salt, it is the fashion; if it be all pepper and no salt, or all salt and no pepper, or be there all or none of every other kind of spice and seasoning, known or unknown,

approved or disapproved of by your palate, be contented—ay, more, be pleased and highly gratified, for it is the fashion. So genuine novel-writers write, and novel-readers read; and thus I give them (including every reviewer in his majesty's dominions) fair notice, that this history has closed to them.

But, like myself, I confess, there are a few commonplace matter-of-fact people, who are anxious to know the real end of a story—they like knowledge better than conceit; Southey reformed better than Southey a reformer; Crabbe's Tales better than lord Byron's Childe Harold, and Humphry Clinker better than Caleb Williams: for their gratification I proceed steadily to the old-fashioned conclusion of this history of the Child of Sin. Indeed, now the author is at home with readers of his own cast, he would like to take advantage of this necessary digression; and, having got rid of these novel-dilettanti, before he proceeds, expatiate on a few

points, where, confined by the trammels around him, he has not given free vent to the effusions which he had to record.

Here too are the three children of the worthy baronet, sir David, and one babe of the reverend Arthur Apreuth, whom he has no more noticed, than the philosopher Rousseau did his own children, or Hume and Gibbon did any of their neighbours; but he must plead the sweet babes' youth; and, though rejoiced that he has got rid of the conceited, sneering, critical tribe, he must not, like Dogberry, be disposed to bestow all his tediousness on his friends.

The instant Miss Chamont had read Mr. Atheling's farewell letter, she walked towards the door. She returned. She put her hand to the bell-rope, paused, but did not pull it. She pondered; then turning to Mr. Billsley—"Is there no reason, no argument, are there no affectionate pleas, sir, that can prevent this? This is a sacrifice to my ——Can I do nothing? You and all my friends think me a compound of prudence

and of apathy. Where is lord—*Mr.* Atheling, if I am to say so, at present, sir?"

"At Falmouth. The wind which we hear whistling round the house will probably suit before the morning. All hands were ready when I came away, and he sails immediately."

Miss Chamont looked at the letter again, read a few lines, then, deliberately folding it up, she put it into her pocket, and thus, with unusual dignity of expression, addressed Mr. Billsley—"Sir, I have acted in this business from my own sense of propriety, and from the best efforts of my reason. I will act so now."

Mr. Billsley was alarmed.—"What is it you mean, my dear Miss Chamont?"

"I know that there is not a moment to be lost—I'll go to him directly; and, if I am too late to convince him that any other motive than want of affection swayed my former conduct, the world, at least, shall know how I respect him."

"On my life!" exclaimed Mr. Billsley, jumping up, "am I awake? Pardon

me, my dear Miss Chamont; let me not misunderstand you, and indeed I never did misunderstand you; for you speak not in enigmas; you have no deception in your character. I hear you right? You will go to Mr. Atheling? you will yield to the first, the most earnest, the ever-present (whatever he may say to the contrary) request of his heart, and take him for better or worse, now he is at the worse? and, by so doing, you will bring him to the best and happiest days of his life—ay, and of all his friends, and, I trust, of your own, my dear lady."

"You do not misunderstand me, Mr. Billsley: if your friend's mind is not changed——"

"If he is changed! No, ma'am, wherever virtue is the foundation, there never is a change. *I only* have been wrong—I have no knowledge of the human heart—I am a strange compound of ignorance—I will never again, as long as I live, exclaim against the inconsistency of women. If they are ever contradic-

tions, they have always good reason for being so." Then recovering himself—"I have not the most distant idea of saying that you are inconsistent, or that your conduct can be contradictive. No, women *have* superior reason and sense; they are always heroines, and break the gordian knot, where we clowns would attempt to untie it."

Mr. Billsley might have continued his eulogium, or philippic, without any notice from the young lady, if her own thoughts had not interrupted him.

"Is there not a mail, or some coach, that will, in less than an hour, go off into these parts? It will be to me a quicker and safer conveyance than any other. I shall disguise myself in some clothes of Mr. Arthur Apreuth, which are in the house—a travelling great-coat, and a man's hat, will completely hide me. Will you take me a place instantly? or, if you cannot, order a chaise? I'll meet you at the White Hart in half an hour, if you'll wait for me at the coach-office door."

"If you are resolved to depart (and I never in my whole life doubted of the resolution or perseverance of a woman), let me accompany you."

"There is not the least need. Yet willingly would I accept your offer, had you not been so urgently engaged to-morrow. If indeed I must take a chaise, and you can provide me a steady respectable man for a servant——but I had rather, for many reasons, go alone. I am under no apprehensions—my disguise will conceal my sex, and one revolution of the sun will close my journey. Mr. Billsley, I know you are my friend; if you will not act for me, I must act for myself. Let me hurry you away—I have no time to spare."

Mr. Billsley departed.

Miss Chamont immediately dressed herself as she had said, and arranged for her departure. She left a few lines for lady Apreuth.—"Pardon, my best and dearest friend, my rash conduct; there is no other that I can consider right. Mr. Billsley

will inform you the particulars of the reverse of the affairs of the Atheling family. Mr. (late lord) Atheling is at Falmouth, preparing to go to the East Indies. I have not a moment to lose, to convince him of my affection; and I should indeed be ungrateful and unfeeling, if I did not now offer myself as the companion of his cares and his banishment."

When Miss Chamont was ready, she rang the bell for lady Apreuth's maid, and, in answer to her surprise, said—"Tell lady Apreuth, Seymour, of my disguise. Why I have put this dress on, and where I am going, this letter will inform her. I leave it to your prudence to let me out of the house, that I may not be subject to the idle notice of any of the servants."

Mr. Billsley was in waiting for her at the coach-office door.—"I have got a place for you, sir, in the inside. There was no vacancy, but I made an exchange with a gentleman for a share in a chaise with another, going to Exeter in the morning. You will remember, coachman, that

this young gentleman's place is booked and paid for all the way to Falmouth."

She entered the coach immediately, and in less than ten minutes it set off.

CHAPTER XVI.

It were unnecessary to present the detail of Miss Chamont's journey to Falmouth, to describe the feelings of the young traveller, with the curiosity and queries of her companions, two ladies and a gentleman; her own prudence, politeness, and reserve, baffled and silenced every thing that could be unpleasant. Great indeed was her agitation when she commenced the journey, yet greater, and more and more great did it increase, the nearer she drew to the termination of her journey, lest that journey should be in vain.

It was dark when the coach arrived at Falmouth. The young gentleman's inquiries after Mr. Atheling were directed to the King's Arms Hotel. The wind was favourable. Mr. Atheling was gone out—his luggage was all on board; but the landlady assured her guest, who was for proceeding immediately to the vessel, that she expected his return before he finally embarked.

The young gentleman was shewn into a room, and three anxious hours were passed. Often was the landlady questioned as to the certainty of his returning, and as often did she answer, that if the young gentleman was very desirous to see him before he went finally on board, the most certain method would be to remain at the present place.

Why she did not tell the plain truth, that Mr. Atheling had left her house to depart with the ship, which was by this time under sail, and leaving the harbour, will soon appear; and why the quick-sighted young traveller could not per-

ceive, that the only object of the landlady's answers was to detain her guest, must be attributed to the agitation, and present novel situation, of that guest.

As the inquirer was returning from one of these repeated efforts to reconcile suspense, the well-known voice, at the entrance of the house, vibrated through every nerve.—" Waiter, I am strangely summoned from on board ship, just as it is sailing; let me instantly see the person who is waiting for me. Is it not Mr. Billsley himself, who left me a few days ago?"

" No, sir, a very young gentleman."

" A young gentleman! How provoking. What can all this mean?" thought the trembling expectant. " Summoned from on board the ship! Had a letter!"

Mr. Atheling was in the room.

Faltering, yet resolved, the young stranger turned round, as the waiter closed the door.

"You, sir! quite a stranger to me! May

I ask——" Mr. Atheling was proceeding.

Miss Chamont could not immediately speak. She approached the light.—" Oh, Lord Atheling! *Mr.* Atheling, I should say—for to *Mr.* Atheling do I come—do you not know me?"

The voice, the appearance, in spite of the disguise, yet the improbability, an almost-moral impossibility, baffled all thought, and created a confusion like a dream, when, as she spoke, she threw off her man's hat, and the golden tresses, no longer concealed under a plain Welsh wig, in their native ringlets, flowed over her fair forehead.—" Atheling, will you take me with you?"

She said no more. In an ecstacy of memory and joy he caught her in his arms.—" Take you, dearest, dearest of women! Have I got you! Will I ever be separated from you! You are not—you never were cruel and unfeeling. Lucy, my dearest Lucy, speak again. Say I am not in a dream. Have I lost rank, consequence, and fortune, I have

gained you;" and, as he pressed her in his arms, delighted, he looked on her sweet countenance. "I would give, willingly give up from my heart, from my most deliberate thought, every hope of ever possessing fortune, consequence, and rank, sooner than lose the blessing thus, miraculously almost, bestowed me in you. And were you apprehensive, my dearest Lucy, that I should ever repent the offer of making you my wife? 'Tis true, I have been most irresolute in giving vent to all the feelings of my heart towards you; but never yet have I uttered one feeling that equalled half that my mind conceived, half that my heart imbibed; never have I had a feeling that did not increase upon my further knowledge of you, my own dear Lucy, my dearest wife!"

"Oh, Atheling!" said the alike delighted yet agitated fair, as, extricated from his warm embrace, she gave him her hand, and her beautiful forehead yet rested upon his shoulder, "see, 'twas not the prudery, the vanity, the coquetry, of Lucy Cha-

mont, that before influenced her conduct. I waited not for further courting, or for further proof of your faith to me. Even now had I offered myself to you, on board the very vessel in which you were about to sail, as the companion of your travels and your cares, had I not been strangely detained here by the mistress of the house. See, dear Atheling, a whole life of precaution and prudence at once shipwrecked on this wild act, and the fair character of Lucy Chamont pillaged by the merciless gossips of Bath!"

He broke upon her speech—"Would all the city now saw her, she should neither feel shame, nor I sorrow."

She proceeded—"This, Atheling, was the only means to shew that I was not insensible to your love. Instead of Lucy Chamont, all cautious and reserved, you have got a fugitive from her friends, a stranger, wandering alone a dreary night and day from her home, and voluntarily offering herself to a flying lover."

"If flying," said that lover, somewhat

archly, "it was not from her love, but from her cruelty; and I take her as my wife, though acting contrary to all her former theory and practice, by which she won my heart; and yet more dearly and affectionately, for what the ignorant world may call inconsistency, do I take her to that heart, and I see her still consistent, and more lovely, wise, and virtuous, by the breach of that very practice and theory. Fool indeed should I be, my love, not to own that circumstances govern all rules of practice. I own, my sweet betrothed, that if you had at first accepted my offers, I might have found the want of some pledge on your part; but this generosity, this sacrifice to me, hath set my heart at rest. You will now say, my beloved Lucy, that you assent to this my last, my only request, that, on the morning of the morrow, the blessing of our God and Saviour shall be invoked to sanction the union of our hearts; and then to India with worldly hopes, or here, at home, in poverty, humility, and content,

I care not. Be you the arbitress of my fortune, I turn which way you please ; for you, in giving me this dear hand, have lifted me into the car of happiness."

"Here, here, dear Atheling, we will stay, at home, in beloved England—here, where friends of all kinds surround us, and kinsmen and kinswomen, I will add, when I am irrevocably yours; for whom you own, no friend or kin of yours will deny.—Here, dear Atheling, we will stay; my rash act of the last day and night, I am certain has not lost me the long-experienced love of one friend, and your temporary, or be it eternal, loss of honours, titles, and wealth, will not estrange one look of affection from, will not occasion one want to you or yours."

The ebullition of reciprocal love so long confined, and now so suddenly and wonderfully brought to perfection, at length subsided in the alembic of common reason; and Mr. Atheling began to express his wonder at the strange summons he had received from on board the India vessel.

A man had come off from the shore in a boat to the ship, and had brought him the following:—

"A stranger, with the most urgent intelligence, is now waiting for you at the King's Arms Hotel. At any risk of your passage, leave the vessel in the boat that brings you this.

"J. B. *Bath.*"

"These are the initials, and it is the handwriting of Mr. Billsley," said Mr. Atheling.

Miss Chamont seconded his conjecture, by relating what had occurred at Bath; and sure enough it was his handwriting, not left to a chance messenger, but, that there might be no mistake upon a subject in which Mr. Billsley was more interested than in any that had ever occurred to him, he had himself, as an outside passenger,

faithfully attended Miss Chamont all the way from Bath to Falmouth, not quite so much disguised as her fair self, yet enough to elude her recognition—he had instructed the landlady in what manner to calm the young gentleman's anxious inquiries—he went out to employ a proper person to recall his friend Atheling, who carried another more urgent and satisfactory letter, in case the first had not succeeded; and Mr. Billsley was now full of joy, and without doubt, waiting the result in the house.

To Mr. Atheling's first inquiries, Mr. Billsley, in person, made his appearance, which explained every thing, and brought forth the heartfelt thanks of the hero of my story. Mr. Atheling immediately introduced him into the room to Miss Chamont, and he received her tribute of gratitude; yet she lamented his trouble and inconvenience, and his own disappointment, and that of others, of considerable moment, upon the very urgent business that he had spoken about.

" And this which I have now executed

is yet more urgent, and, without exception, the most agreeable concern that I ever had upon my hands. I have indeed broke an appointment with his grace the duke of ——, with a noble marquis and very honourable baronet; and when I have the honour to make my apologies in person, and to explain my motives, if they do not applaud those motives, I will henceforth believe that honours uncivilize a man, and debase the genuine feelings of his nature. I sent an express to them and others that evening; and I write to them to-morrow morning; but having thus taken Miss Lucy Chamont under my protection, I will never leave Miss *Chamont*."

The lady and gentleman clearly understood him. Our heroine now expressed her wish to appear in her proper person; for which purpose, Mr. Billsley, by the desire of his friends, immediately informed the respectable landlady of the house of the circumstances that had taken place—"For I believe," said he, "it is ever the wisest and the best way, in every honest

case, to tell the simple truth;" and he begged the favour of her attendance in the morning to the parish church; to the rector of which, he, with Mr. Atheling, was, without loss of time, directed to get the necessary licence.

The parties being of full age, and Mr. Atheling having resided a sufficient time in the place, and Mr. Billsley being a very eligible bondsman, there was no impediment to prevent the desired union on the morrow. As Miss Chamont waited their return in the parlour of the inn, she addressed a line to her most respected friend, lady Apreuth. She had just finished, when the gentlemen returned with a plain gold ring, and a marriage licence.

CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Chamont had retired early to the immediate care of the landlady, who had provided a bed for her in a room appropri-

ated to her own and only daughter, when at home; and sweet and refreshing were her slumbers.

Lucy Chamont had not taken the precaution of providing a new, or even her best dress, for the occasion; but, as her beloved Atheling saw her enter the breakfast-room in her usual morning-gown, he thought that he had never beheld any woman so well-dressed in his life; and if modesty, convenience, and cleanliness, are to be considered as the criterion of the excellency of a virtuous female's garb, he certainly never had beheld any woman in more honourable apparel.

Nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the ceremony; and, as Mr. Atheling was expecting the carriage that he had ordered, a postchaise, with four foaming horses, drove hastily up.

Mr. Billsley went to the window—"It is Mrs. Marsham, and Mr. Arthur Apreuth," said he.

Miss Chamont, a little agitated, started up.

Mrs. Marsham was out of the chaise before any one of the gentlemen could offer her his hand; Miss Chamont met her in the passage. In an instant they were in one another's arms. Mr. Atheling and Mr. Billsley appeared.

"Oh, my dear Lucy!" said Mrs. Marsham, "you do know better, and you act better than us all—you are always right at last. My dear lord Atheling, I give you joy; yet I'm not now too late for the ceremony; and my dear, dear Mr. Billsley! we are all so much obliged to you for taking care of my dear child here, that if I had been born twenty years sooner, I would almost as willingly have married you as my own goodman."

"I thank you, in your husband's name," said Mr. Arthur, who was shaking hands with Mr. Atheling, "for that *almost;* but had you been born these twenty years before, I think that he would have dispensed with it."

"Come into the parlour, my dear Mrs. Marsham," said our heroine, "and then

I'll tell you how very, very much I am obliged to you for this post-haste pursuit of me."

"I see your prudence, you little hussey, is afraid that I shall publicly expose myself; and I don't care if I do, if I can tell all the world of your goodness."

They were all now in the room. Mr. Billsley sent an apology to the clergyman for a little delay, and ordered the carriage that was ready to take them to the church to be in waiting.

"Now then for all *my* news!" said Mrs. Marsham, seating herself; "and you, Lucy, give me and my brother some breakfast, and let me have all the talk to myself.—My mother is coming; and who do you think is coming with her?—Miss Ffloyd (general Maurice is not returned from the fishing-party), and my *best* of husbands—yes, *best* of husbands *always*—my lord Atheling—Oh! but I have a letter to you from my mother!"

Miss Chamont read, but Mrs. Marsham continued talking—praising Mr. Billsley

—asking to see the licence, and then laughing at Mr. Atheling about the favourable wind for India—"Well, I declare I thought I never should have borne to have called you Mr. Atheling; but they may call you citizen, if they like—I don't care what, provided you stay in England, and marry Lucy."

Miss Chamont read lady Apreuth's letter:—

"MY DEAREST LUCY,

"I have no doubt that you have, and will act right. May the Almighty pour his blessing upon you in every state and condition! as you have mine, and my hearty consent in your present intended change. I hope to be with you before the close of the day in which you'll receive this.

"Your loving and affectionate mother,

"MATILDA APREUTH."

"And I thank God," said Miss Chamont, with an humble reverence of her head, as she pressed the paper with her lips, "for having given me such a mother! and I should be sorry to know any other, though she exalted me to the highest rank, and bestowed on me the largest property, for I never can love any mother like her."

"And I hope," said Mrs. Marsham, "you are equally well satisfied with your brothers and sisters?"

Miss Chamont held out a hand affectionately to each that was present.

At this moment the waiter entered, and said that a gentleman wished to speak to Mr. Atheling.

At the door he met Mr. Thomson. Mr. Atheling looked surprised.

"It is no idle curiosity, sir," said the old gentleman. "May I ask who are your company?"

The satirized lover had completely recovered himself—"Certainly, sir," said he, taking Mr. Thomson's hand; "you know

all the company; and there is one for whose sake, I trust, you will forgive me."

"Forgive you, my dear fellow!" said the warm-hearted old gentleman, pressing his hand.

They entered the room; with evident pleasure the whole company received him. He went up to Miss Chamont, and, taking her hand in his—"I ask no explanation," said he.

Mrs. Marsham in a moment told him every thing necessary as to the present state of affairs; and, with her usual volubility, she was proceeding, when the attention of the company was directed to Mr. Thomson, who, evidently exhausted by his feelings, sunk back in a chair, yet motioning with his hand that he wished to speak, at length said—"It is my joy that overpowers me. Come here, Frederick Atheling and Lucy Chamont." He took a hand of each, and joining them together—"I have a right thus publicly to give you my blessing; you are both my

adopted children; and I am, my dear children, one of your best friends, though I am the old earl of Browover."

The company looked with astonishment and incredulity.

The old earl continued—"Your father, Frederick, is now in the house. I wished to introduce myself—I knew not there was so happy a scene awaiting me. We have both been to the further end of the coast, and boarded your ship in search of you, but little thought what more powerful conqueror had borne away the prize before us."

Mr. Billsley immediately went out of the room, made inquiries for sir Clement Atheling, and gave a clear, though concise explanation of all that had taken place. He soon returned with a personal message, most kind and respectful, from the late earl to Miss Chamont. Mr. Atheling too was now with his father, and most happy and satisfactory was the interview on both sides.

In a little while he introduced his father to his fair betrothed; and sir Clement, af-

ter the first moments of agitation were passed, said, with great good-nature, and some little point—"Among the kind things I feel already disposed to say to you, Miss Chamont, I must not forget to give you, in the name of all the Atheling family, our thanks, in that you have restored my son to us. I have long been most willing and desirous to give him to you; but I little thought that this affair of the heart, and of every good and noble sense, I may say, was to end in your giving him to me. Permit me now to order the carriages for the road we all wish you to pursue; and I have a favour to beg of you, which, though I have competitors, more respectable from age and long acquaintance, here present, I hope you will grant me—ay, if you have even promised that favour, I must beg that you will break your promise to oblige me. Need I add, that you will permit me to act in the coming ceremony as *your father*, before you entitle me to the honour of claiming you as my daughter."

"I do, indeed, sir, already experience

your kindness," with a glowing heart, and without a moment's pause, the fair lady answered him, "and gratefully accept your offer, which you have made yet more valuable by the manner in which you have presented it."

"I resign my rights, sir Clement," said the old earl, "with great pleasure, and feel most happy in being disappointed in what I considered one of the first wishes of my heart."

"I believe, my lords and gentlemen," remarked Mr. Billsley, "I may be permitted to make a kind of *protest* as to my own claims and rights, though I do not mean to stir the question, and most willingly acquiesce."

"And these rights and claims shall never be forgotten by me, my dear friend," said Miss Chamont.

"Nor by me," said Mr. Atheling, as they each gave him a hand.

"Yet, after all, Miss Chamont," said the old earl, "I think we are giving you praise where you deserve a little scolding. A pretty dance to the Land's End have you

been the means of giving to sir Clement and myself, and a fine gallop against time to this worthy clergyman and his sister."

"Which sister, my dear lord," said Mrs. Marsham, glad of an opportunity to speak, "has had many races against the old gentleman with the lock before, but never one so charming and delightful, in which she felt confident of winning the prize; therefore, as far as it concerns her, not one word of scolding, but all of praise. I beg your lordship to proceed, for I am all attention."

"Now I fancy, my dear Mrs. Marsham, that I have some little knowledge of the female character, and the instant I returned from Scotland, and heard what had taken place I, said to my noble kinsman—'My dear sir Clement, this must not be; Frederick Atheling shall not go to India, and Lucy Chamont shall marry him, or I am most completely deceived in them both. Not that I suppose myself to have more influence over him than yourself, or over her than your excellent family, all, Mrs. Marsham. But even you, my wise lady,

knew nothing of these affairs, in comparison of me, or instead of scolding this dear child for refusing the man she loved best, you would have laughed at, and humoured her, till she was tired with her own folly, and you would have advised Atheling to wait a little time with patience, and a certainty of success; then Lucy, knowing that he was constant, and very penitent, and always ready, and humbly hoping for her consent; and you telling her, in pure friendship, that the longer she held out, she only proved her own unkindness, and resentful temper, and proud spirit—that she all the time was merely harassing and sacrificing *him*, would, by degrees, have relented, and his father and myself, by a proper course of coaxing and humouring, would have soon restored the young lady to her usual suavity and sweetness; for I knew it was impossible that she could be hard at heart. I was convinced, at the very first interesting moment, all her feelings would be roused for him; and you see, Mrs. Impatient, that I

am right. Had my Lucy only heard of his loss of title and fortune, without this India scheme, she would never have had a moment's peace till she had received a letter from him, or had found an excuse to write one—that is, till she had signed a *carte blanche* of forgiveness for him. Am I not right, Miss Lucy Chamont?"

"I hope you are," said she, "for you talk with some reason."

"But this India scheme was a very rash resolve of yours, Mr. Atheling. You proved yourself more of the hero than the man of the world; you have only learnt half what Ulysses did by your travelling—manners and cities, rather than men and minds. Now, when little Lucy thought proper to give you such a decisive and determinate refusal, you should not only have considered that it was very natural, and that you deserved it; and so, my dear fellow, you must be conscious you did, for not speaking your mind, and heart, and soul, sooner; but you should have reflected that young ladies like Miss Chamont, who have

been well brought up, and have a little of the Christian in their composition, are not altogether high-spirited and remorseless; all, therefore, you had to do, was to have said to the indignant and injured lady—'I confess my sins, and patiently wait till you think proper to pardon me;' and then, though you could neither speak nor write, every friend of the lady who approached her ear, would, in all manners, and ways, and phrases, and sentiments, have poured in contrition, patience, and pardon."

Sir Clement took this opportunity of breaking in upon his discourse—"That you know better than us all, my dear lord, I'll allow; but I'll get the start of you in action—Miss Chamont, the carriage is ready," and with all that dignity and politeness for which the earl of Browover had ever been remarkable, he handed Miss Chamont to the carriage, and, following her, drove off with her alone to the church.

"This, my dear fellow," said the old earl, pressing Mr. Atheling's hand, "is just

as it should be; but there is no man who knows these things better than your father, and whose practice in what is good is never behind his knowledge." Then turning to Mrs. Marsham, "If you please, ma'am," he handed her into the next carriage. Mr. Apreuth, Mr. Billsley, and Mr. Atheling, followed in the third. The clergyman had been summoned, and was ready, but he very willingly resigned his office to Mr. Arthur Apreuth.

Immediately after the ceremony, the happy bride and bridegroom, with the whole of the company, set off on their journey to town, intending to take Bath in the way; and, before the day closed, the heroine of this story had the greatest pleasure now necessary to her happiness, of throwing herself into the arms of her most affectionate more than mother, lady Apreuth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Atheling, with his bride and friends remained a few days at Bath; to which place, their speedy return and temporary stay there, had dissipated into the regions of falsehood, tales, many idle and imaginary.

The whole of the party, with the exception of Mr. Billsley, who was called away by urgent business, and Miss Ffloyd, who, though rejoicing at the termination of her hopes, could not be prevailed upon to accompany them further, now set off to town. Here sir David Apreuth and Mr. Bereton were to meet the new-married couple. Letters, of course, had been immediately sent to all their friends—mutual friends in every case, it may be said; in London also the bride was to be introduced to lady Atheling and her daughters.

There is a trick in all trades, and they who are perfectly skilled in the same, may be called the initiated. This, in the novel-line, has become almost a gift—I mean, that it seems to partake of a certain kind of spirit of inspiration. I readily conceive that many a one of this initiati, with all the rashness of a false prophet, have anticipated the conclusion of my heroine's history, and that not a doubt remains in their minds, that the nobility of her birth, in spite of every former investigation, will be as evident as her beauty and her virtues have already been. But desirable and advantageous as a good parentage is, and respectable and commendable as family connexions undoubtedly are, my whole history would lose its moral, if, highly as I have ever prized the character of the present Mrs. Atheling, this had been part of the fortunate lot of Lucy Chamont. Her history I had then consigned to a more regular novelist, and searched the archives of the Philanthropic for another heroine. I have, indeed, failed in my endeavours to represent

virtue as the true nobility, if high birth, in itself ever to be respected, be *absolutely* necessary; and while shewing that my heroine did not require this advantage, I conceive, that if I had at length added the ornament to complete the picture, I had violated the Horatian rule—"*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,*" which may be paraphrased—Have no recourse to supernatural aid, unless a circumstance occurs worthy of godlike assistance; or, let not a god interfere, unless the difficulty is worthy of him.

I consider birth, it is true, as having very great advantages, and that it is a blessing to be born of a noble family; and I agree with doctor Jarrold (who has in all points ably replied to Mr. Malthus), that the virtues are most congenial to the soil of nobility; but these blessings and advantages, so far from being the natural subject of pride, ought to be the cause of sorrow and regret, if the possessor make an ill use of them. We should pity, not condemn, the devils, had they not been angels;

and I know no more legitimate object of contempt then a reprobate man of rank * ; for there are two prides, as different from one another as the two loves ; the one is a shadow, the other is a sun. This last is not wanting to the Browover and Apreuth families, or to our heroine herself. That spirit which scorns the name of any ill, which fulfils the apostolic command—" Avoid every appearance of evil," which boldly meets calumny and suspicion, and annihilates them with its brightness—that principle which a pauper exhibits when he turns aside his gaze of homage from splendid villany—all these shew the contrast. Pride, as a principle, may be a noble and praiseworthy sentiment—the homage that virtue demands, the unbending virtue that will not bow the knee to a great, mighty, rich, and flourishing Baal. The true and noble pride may be known by conscience, independ-

* There may be a Byron, as there have been a Lonsdale, and others, but their friends are Boswells, not lords— shadows, not similar substances.

ency, impartiality; in all the minor concerns of life, it wears, but not as a disguise, the mantle of humility, and it is never unrobed but on urgent and great occasions.

All that was ever correctly known of the parentage, birth, and early life of Lucy Chamont, appears in these papers. She had herself endeavoured to prosecute the sources that might lead to a further development of her origin; for that purpose, she had employed the man who had formerly endeavoured to pass upon her as her uncle, and who had trustily executed the commission that she assigned him. Upon perceiving in town that he no more intruded himself, she spoke to him; and, finding that he was endeavouring to get an honest living, she gave him a small sum, and sent him into Berkshire and Wiltshire, to make some inquiries, according to the little information that he was able to acquire in town. After that he came to her at Bath, got regular employment as a porter and occasional chairman; and she had at least the satisfaction of seeing him a re-

formed character, a good husband and father, and an industrious man.

Lady Apreuth and general Maurice knew of every thing that occurred; and it was chiefly by the instrumentality of the general that she employed and conversed with the man. By this person's investigation there was some reason to believe, that her supposed father was only her uncle—that her mother had privately married his brother, upon whose sudden death the marriage was discovered—and that she fled away, through fear of her friends, to this man in town, ignorant of his real character. In his house her mother was brought to bed, and soon after died, leaving, as this investigation seemed to explain, a daughter, the heroine of the foregoing history. But here was no certainty; most of the alleged relations were dead, and among the living, not one was found who would have acknowledged her as the child of poverty, though, had they been put to the test in her present situation, without a shadow of proof, they would all willingly have owned her.

Mr. Bereton was informed of these particulars; and, while he bestowed great praise on the diligence and honesty of the man, he agreed with the young lady that the same uncertainty remained as before.

I have a few words of favourable mention to make of most of the characters introduced in these volumes; and I have no plotters of evil to exhibit in an *auto da fé*, as a contrast to my general scenes of nuptial joys and blisses. This year sir James and lady Stolander returned from India, and lord and lady Vescule came from Ireland, on purpose to meet them; and lady Apreuth had again the happiness of seeing all her children assembled under her own roof.

The Browover affairs, by the excellent judgment of the old earl, were extricated out of the mazes of the law, and were all clearly arranged, and put upon a proper footing. Mr. Atheling had no more thoughts of an eastern life and adventures, but with the wife of his heart, practises at home and

abroad, each public and private virtue—I need not add, the union of the whole family, for where virtue is the foundation, the building will ever be correct.

Mr. Bereton is at the top of his profession, creating a noble and independent fortune; he has declined the honourable office of a judge, from some political motives.

Mr. Billsley's upright character shines yet more conspicuous by every action of his life; and he is not only doing good himself, but shewing his superiors the right road. He has lately seconded the efforts of many of our most honourable legislators, in endeavouring to abolish pauperism and mendicity, and to reform our prisons.

Count Guilfill, who is now in parliament, has gained additional respectability, by openly recanting his religious errors; and the honourable and reverend Sydney Wardine now never writes in a review, but employs his learning openly, impartially, and zealously, in his Christian duties. His head and heart, like two spoiled children, ever in opposition, now come up to

manhood, have extricated themselves from the follies of their parent; they understand one another's worth, and unite together in every good; and the correct judgment of the one, and the sound feeling of the other, are proved by the value and love that they are always shewing towards the little and excellent lady Gertrude.

The doctors Parron and Jacks are still the ornaments of their neighbourhood, and the scourges of folly and vice.

During the present summer, Mr. Azariah Pakinger returned from America, was married to Miss Glynne, and took up his final residence in her brother's neighbourhood in Wales.

There is not a more honourable tradesman, a more praiseworthy couple, I should say, than Mr. James Howel and his wife; he is an alderman of the city, and has frequently spoken, with general applause and effect.

Stephen Russel, esq. is become a very respectable country gentleman; he has some positive, and many negative virtues;

he is kind to the poor, hospitable yet sober, very fond of planting and improving his estate, and a good husband and father; he is never tenacious about his game, nor disputing about his tithes, nor neglecting his church duty, nor injuring his neighbour's property as a sportsman; neither has he any wish to become a justice of the peace. His friend and father-in-law, Mr. Giles Bradford, lives near him, in the farm-house. Mr. Giles is his bailiff —is the acting churchwarden of the parish, collects all the taxes, and is always ready to act as clerk to the magistrates; and having a small smith's and carpenter's shop in his own mansion, is ever willing to assist his neighbours, in all offices of kindness and use.

Mr. Arthur Apreuth received the offer of an Irish deanery, which he declined, not choosing to be a non-resident; but he has accepted a prebend, which employs his time when he comes to town, though he has refused a second living.

Miss Flloyd is an evergreen, yet more

and more flourishing. Mr. Atheling was seen with her at the opera (when she came to visit him and his wife in the winter), with the very handsome shawl, which is still in high preservation and in constant employment. The old earl is very much pleased with her company, and declares that in all his travels he never met with a better natural specimen of the human heart.

Sir Clement Atheling and Mr. Forrester are very well reconciled to the match of their son and daughter, and the young couple are gone to spend a few honey-moons at Paris. He had some idea of accepting an offer that his brother had made him, and building a house by the Lakes; but he luckily understood in time that Mr. M'Tweed had, either by protecting a certain nobleman's muse, or by taking another fair off his protection, got a delightful cottage in the same neighbourhood. The great northern Cerberus may thank me for this information, if he should again travel that way, or he might have

found a brother of the tribe a more fatal companion than the poet*.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsham, when they married, had resolved not to provide themselves with a regular home, till the calls of a family compelled them. This call has not yet occurred, and they remain as unsettled, good-tempered, and wild as ever, having a perfect knowledge of the best lodgings in London, Bath, and most of the fashionable watering-places.

Mr. Gwyllwes has married Miss (late lady) Julia Atheling, sir Clement's eldest daughter, and all parties look upon the beautiful vellum pedigree in the library with a smile. Mr. William Remley is as

* Mr. Jeffery makes a tour to the Lakes—visits Mr. Coleridge—The gentlemen are mutually pleased, and flatter one another—Mr. Coleridge publishes another poem—Mr. Jeffery's review tears it to pieces without mercy.—Mr. Coleridge appeals to their having eaten salt together, and to Mr. Jeffery's individual approval of that very poem.—Mr. Jeffery proves that the tribe of reviewers are established on the lot of Ishmael, "His hand is against every man." But, after all, it was "diamond cut diamond," for Mr. Coleridge has as good reviewer connections as Mr. Jeffery; a simple *author* would have stood no chance against either.

good a shot as ever, and has unlimited range over all the Atheling and Apreuth estates. The old earl of Browover has compelled sir Clement to keep possession of all the family property, and he chiefly spends his time with his adopted daughter, and his favourite kinsman, her husband.

By the death of William Morrison, sir David Apreuth came into a moiety of his property, and he immediately built another wing to Ford Castle, that he might have the means of yet further increasing the hospitality of his Welsh residence. The lady dowager Apreuth finds, in the affection of Mrs. Atheling, the duteous conduct of a child of her heart; and the return of her good deeds into her own bosom, is to her a blessed foretaste of the rewards of another life.

From some fiction, much truth has been recorded, and with pleasure a retrospect is taken of the characters in this history, and it appears that amid the sophistry and irreligion—the bigoted intolerance and ac-

commodating vice which obtrude themselves upon the public notice, individual knowledge can glean, from warriors, and lawyers, and priests, from the highest and the lowest station—from all trades and professions—from both sexes, and aliens as well as foreigners, many an avowed Christian, independent of power, interest, influence, education, or custom, who, trusting in God's mercy, through Jesus Christ, and his support by the Holy Spirit, yet believe that all gifts and graces will at length fail, without that faithful obedience which acts upon the conviction that there is no respect of persons with God, and that He will reward every one as he has *(not fancied or professed)* but DONE good or evil, according to his works.

THE END.

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